

Next Week, "Brave Barbara," by the author of "Black Eyes and Blue."

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 339.

FLY, LITTLE BIRD!

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

Fly, little bird, across the fields,
Fly, little bird, unto your mate;
Find all the love a true heart yields,
Fly, little bird: the hour is late!
Fly, little bird, fly far away!
Fly, little bird, across the sea!
Fly, little bird, while yet 'tis day—
Fly, little bird, for you are free!
But, ever in your furthest flight,
Across the land, across the sea,
In brightest day, in darkest night,
My little birdie, think of me.
For I'll be sad when you are gone;
My heart will beat for you in pain;
Sweet be the breeze and bright the sun
That brings my birdie back again.
But now farewell, a long farewell;
Go, sing in some sweet tropic land;
Go, build your nest in some sweet dell,
Amid your faithful feathered band.
For freedom is a precious thing,
As dear to you as 'tis to me;
Fly, little bird, on swiftest wing—
Fly, little bird, for you are free!

Under the Surface: OR, MURDER WILL OUT. A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The hours wore on and still the ball was kept up.

It was long after twelve o'clock when Dr. Ashe and Alice Ray left the platform over the parquette, and elbowing their way through the crowd toward the stage, finally reached that mythical, sacred region, known as "behind the scenes."

Slides, swings, curtains, sets, ropes, pulleys, and all the rough paraphernalia of scene-shifting was there. The place was a labyrinth in itself; and its dusky, dreary solitudes were but imperfectly lighted by a stray gas-jet here and there.

But Alice, leaning on the young physician's arm, walked confidently on.

Fred Ashe seemed suddenly serious—thinking, and slightly excited; but he was in nowise nervous.

At length they reached a side exit, and turning to the left, walked on a little way and seated themselves on a bench that chanced to be there. A single burner illuminated the quiet, secluded precincts. The cold north wind forced its way into the rear of the building, and blew raw and chilly along the passage-way, rattling the cordage, and shaking the skeleton arras and tapestry into many a mournful creak.

Alice drew her opera-cloak about her shoulders, and crouched confidently and trustingly closer to her protector. The light from the single jet shone down full upon them, as they sat there all alone in that dreary portion of the large structure. It lit up the face and figure of both.

Alice Ray was a lovely girl—petite in form, yet sufficiently rounded and plump, her bare arms showing to a certain extent beneath the folds of the cloak which she had drawn over her shoulders. Her rich auburn hair rippled in the reflection of the light like waves of gold. The girl's face was that of an angel, so pure, so innocent, so artless, so heavenly fascinating and lovely. The gentle, softly curving mouth, the half-pale, half-rosy lips, slightly parted, showing the gleaming, pearly teeth within; the large blue eyes, dove-like and winning in their tender glance; the broad, white forehead with the arching brows—all made a very pretty and pleasing picture to look upon, one to be hung up in the halls of memory, there to be loved and cherished.

Fred Ashe was not, strictly, what might be termed a handsome man. In size he was neither large nor small; but his figure was perfect—well-knit, muscular and erect. His face was dark and swarthy and almost concealed behind a full curling beard of a dark brown color. His hair was of the same hue, and was cut close to his head. But if the young doctor was not handsome, he certainly was not homely; for there was a tenderness about his rather sad face, a quiet, sympathetic look in his large black eyes, that won upon all. Along with this, there was a general independent expression of feature that gave him a very noble appearance.

"Are you cold, Miss Ray?" he asked, with some solicitude, as he saw her tighten her cloak around her.

"No—not too cold, doctor," she replied, cheerfully; "for I prefer almost anything to the stifled air in yonder crowded hall. I am glad we can get pure air, even if cold, here, doctor."

"Then you are not overfond of such scenes, such occasions as this?" asked the physician, quickly.

"No, indeed—once in a long while will do for me," was the quiet, earnest reply. "The truth is, I care but little for company; that is, she hastened to say, "such company as we see here to-night. There is so much thoughtlessness, so much giddiness and triviality, that I



Neither saw a tall, dark figure standing not twenty feet away, enveloped in the heavy shadows of the passage.

soon tire of it. Ah! yes," with a weary sigh, "on such times as this, I am inclined to think all men, and women, too, treacherous and insincere."

Fred Ashe pondered ere he answered; but as the words just spoken fell on his ear, a bright flush of pleasure, of downright joy, passed over his sober face.

"You are right, Miss Ray," he said, at length; "and yet you are not altogether right. This I readily grant, that many men are insincere, yet I cannot admit that all are so. Moreover, I have more faith in women—in certain ones."

He looked at her straight in the face; his gaze was ardent and significant.

But Alice Ray did not change color under that steady look. She returned his gaze frankly as she replied:

"Yes, I was wrong, doctor; there are two men in this world, besides my dear father, whom I could unhesitatingly trust; and she still gazed innocently in the young man's face. And those two, Miss Ray?" asked the physician, almost in a whisper, as he leaned toward her.

"Clinton Craig and—"

She hesitated and bent her head.

"Yes, Clinton Craig; and the other?" persisted the young man, as he started and frowned slightly.

"And Doctor Fred Ashe," was the half-hesitating reply.

A shade flashed over the young physician's face, as, for a moment, he bowed his head and mused. But with that shade, there was an expression of something bright, as of a flitting hope, a mad, yearning ambition, a half-triumph.

"And so you would trust my friend, Mr. Craig, Miss Ray?" he asked, slowly.

"With my very life!" was the prompt, impulsive reply.

Fred Ashe started, and his brow wrinkled into an ominous frown. But he said:

"Clinton Craig is well worthy your trust; yet—yet—there are times when—"

"When what, doctor?" asked the fair-faced maiden, somewhat anxiously.

"Perhaps—nothing, Miss Ray; but—"

"But, again! What is it, doctor? Do tell me!" and she gazed at him unflinchingly, though there was an anxious expression upon her face.

"Well, Clinton Craig is a trusty, noble-hearted man, one who would scorn to stoop to a low action, and—why Minerva Clayton is a very beautiful and fascinating woman," was the strange reply.

For a moment a shiver shook Alice Ray's slender form, and a flitting look of pain rested upon her features. But looking up again, she said, calmly:

"Granted, doctor; but that latter fact does not affect Mr. Craig and his uprightness, his nobleness of nature."

"True; it does not. But I do not like that woman, Miss Ray—I have no fancy for Minerva Clayton."

The young man spoke earnestly.

"Nor do I!" was the sudden and somewhat vehement reply. "Yet," she continued, as if she was ashamed of her hastiness and self-committal, "I have, after all, no reason for my dislike; the young lady has never harmed me."

"Nor me; yet elegant and dazzling as she is,

she is a dangerous girl—ay! she is, as I know, deep and designing."

"Designing? How, and in what way, doctor?" asked Alice, quickly.

But Doctor Ashe did not answer at once. His face flushed violently, and he turned his head away.

Alice Ray, trembling and excited, continued to gaze at him.

"Perhaps I have spoken too freely, Miss Ray," said the young man, as his eyes once more sought hers. "I only meant—"

"Too freely, doctor? and with me?" and the maiden bit her red lip vexatiously. "Certainly you can trust me?"

"I do trust you, Miss Ray, else I had not spoken as I did; I only feared that I might have wronged the young lady. But, Miss Ray," and he hesitated. "Can I trespass on your time and patience just a minute longer? The place is fitting, the opportunity good, for what I have to say, provided you will listen, and he looked at her earnestly with his large black eyes, "must not be heard by others."

Alice Ray was a very pure, innocent maiden—unsuspecting and as trusting as a girl of ten years; but she was a woman and could easily read men, when the subject that burdened their minds pertained to heart-matters. Her pale face flushed slightly at first, then beautifully crimson, as her eyes gazed into the dark, pleading orbs of the man who sat beside her. The maiden read the secret there, and, for a single moment, an expression of joy rushed luminously over that innocent, baby face. But in an instant it was gone, and one of pain—almost of anguish, took its place. She simply bowed her pretty head and whispered, in a sweet voice:

"Speak on, doctor; I am listening. Speak on; perhaps it were as well. I'll heed what you say, and I will, sacredly, pre-empt your secret."

What did she mean?

Dr. Ashe was a man of iron nerve, as had already—more than once—been proved, in his young life, and as will be shown further in this eventful history; but he trembled now before that sweet-faced girl, before that mutely bowed head, with its mass of golden hair. But he bestirred himself.

"You have known me, Miss Ray," he began, in a low, but steady voice, "for a long time. I remember well when I, a boy of fifteen years, carried you over the brooks, and climbed the hills for you in search of pretty flowers. You were a little maiden of ten. Ah! well do I remember those times—so happy! And I often sit and dream lovingly over them; for they were joyous, brilliant, hopeful, halcyon days to me! And for me, alas! they have never come again!"

He paused and bent his head as if living again in the glad hours of the past.

And Alice Ray bent her soft, dove-like eyes upon him.

"I am entirely alone, Miss Ray," continued the young man, in the same soft tone—"entirely alone in the wide world—no father to advise me, no mother to—love me, no brother, no sister! Alone! alone! with only one friend—Clinton Craig! And yet my heart is large, and yearns for more. One word, Miss Ray, he continued, after a brief pause, "and you shall have my secret. I am well to do in this world's goods and chattels. I think that I am fairly honest, and," hesitating, "I am satisfied

on two points; I have an affectionate nature, and I love you, Alice—God alone knows how much."

The girl started violently and made a movement as if she would arise; but, before she could say or do anything, Fred Ashe gently restrained her as he continued:

"Do not be frightened, Alice; be calm. Think for a moment, and in that moment think well! Remember that never before have I told woman what but now I have spoken to you; for, before high heaven, my heart has never thrilled for other than you. Pity me, Alice; but speak your own pure soul right out to me, and tell me whether there is hope for me."

While he was giving utterance to these hot, impassioned words, he had gently taken her little hand in his; but that little hand was cold, clammy and trembling.

Hastily the young man looked in her face.

"Forgive me, Alice," he exclaimed, in an earnest, yearning tone. "Oh! pardon me, if—"

Alice quietly raised her head and gazed at him steadily and confidently.

"You have done nothing to offend me in the least, my dear friend," she said, interrupting him. "Rest assured, doctor, that your kind words have thrilled me to the very heart. I have a high appreciation of the gift which you would lay at my feet. I value highly your good opinion and your friendship. But, doctor, I honor you too much to hold you in needless suspense. Oh! my dear friend, forgive me when I speak it: I do not love you as you deserve, and as you mean; I cannot be your wife. You know my secret—oh! I love another."

She impulsively clasped the young man's nervous, chilled hands in her own pinky palms. And over those lily hands, with the tapering fairy fingers, the young physician bowed his dark face, with its richly curling beard. And the light of hope, of life itself, seemed gone from that face as the noble head went down.

A terrible shiver passed through the well-knit frame, a vague, uncertain tremor shook Fred Ashe like a sheaf of wind-blown barley; then he was calm and quiet again. Slowly he lifted his head; his almost bloodless face gradually regained its wonted hue; and when he spoke it was in his same old genial tones.

"Heaven bless you, Alice! heaven bless you for your kind words. The struggle is over, and the ambitious light that glowed in my heart has been extinguished, alas! forever; the fires of love will never again be kindled for mortal woman. To be your friend, your brother, Alice, is now all that I crave."

The maiden's eyes were suffused with hot, welling tears, and a stifled sob broke from her lips. She spoke no word.

"And now, Alice, trust me with your secret; trust me as a brother, and I will never fail you. I half suspect, nay almost know; yet from your own lips I would learn the truth: who is he to whom your young heart has gone out? Tell me, and my earnest prayers shall be for your happiness and his."

For a moment the trembling maiden cast down her eyes; she seemed to hesitate, to be almost afraid to speak. But, at last, frankly, naively, while the pearly tears still coursed down her peachy cheeks, she answered:

"I will trust you, doctor; I love—nay, I adore Clinton Craig! my Clinton!"

"Clinton Craig! Good heavens, Alice!" and the young man reeled back. "And, Minerva

Clayton! how can you—Ha! 'sh! some one comes. Quick, Alice; here—behind the scene. Quick. We'll wait until they pass."

In an instant the two had glided noiselessly behind the friendly screen on the opposite side of the passage.

Just then a couple slowly approached, arm-in-arm. One was an elegant-looking gentleman, the other a magnificent woman. They seated themselves upon the bench which had just been vacated.

But neither these two, nor those just gone, noted a tall, dark figure standing not twenty feet away, enveloped in the heavy shadows that lay along the passage.

CHAPTER VI.

NIGHT-WHISPERS.

At this point we must go back a little way in our story, and follow the two mysterious walkers, whom we have seen skulking along over the snow-covered drives of Fairmount Park. It will be remembered that after briefly pausing under the gloomy arch of the Girard avenue bridge, they again braved the wind and storm, and pushed on around the huge rock, with its bold, hard face, standing up like some gray-walled giant of the night. They hurried around the neighboring bend and entered a low, unpretending house, situated almost on the water's edge.

That house—how long since gone—was well known some years ago, to all who passed up and down the Schuylkill. It was a frequent resort for boats-crews and their fair company. Many a carousal had taken place there, and drunken orgies had reached far into the night, swelling hoarse and riotous over the sleeping waters.

Every old house must have its dark tales; this was no exception to the rule. It too had its legends and its horrors. Yet, until ten o'clock in the evening, all was quiet and orderly, and the delicate suppers of "catfish and coffee"—one of the treats of Schuylkill life—were decorously served by the matronly proprietress and her tidy-looking serving-maids. But it was after ten o'clock—in fact from that hour until the rosy dawn—that the noisy bacchanals were held, and the wild, sometimes terrible scenes were enacted.

The matronly proprietress was then a changed creature; her features would no longer wear the motherly, insinuating smile, and the sudden hardness of her tones told the true, rude, masculine character of the woman.

After that magic hour, the company, too, was changed; gallant youths with their red-cheeked sweethearts no longer frequented the warm, brilliantly-lighted little reception-room. The truth is that such company as this latter was never admitted at such an hour; the house, apparently, was shut to all. For those who had rowed on to the "Falls," on returning, would see no lights flashing from the windows of the old house, everything there was silenced in darkness, and no sound could be heard in that direction save the deep baying of a watchdog booming over the waters.

Yet there were those who asserted, with a mysterious air, that, on more than one occasion, they had seen a strange glimmer flash forth over the rippling river, at a late hour of a stormy night. More than that: they had heard shouts and rousing songs as if coming from some mad revelry, echoing in the dreary solitude.

There were those, too, who frequented the house after ten o'clock—brawny-armed, rough-looking men—who went there stealthily on foot; and some went in rude, heavy boats. Those men came, and departed quietly; and they always brought or carried away packs. In their belts were stuck knives and pistols, and the fellows seemed watchful and suspicious. Before day, however, all was quiet, and as still as the grave in the old house. Perhaps its occupants were wrapt in slumber.

Old Moll—her last name was known to none, save, perhaps, to herself—was a singular personage, one, at first view, prepossessing to such an degree that the gay-hearted young barge-men on the river knew her familiarly, almost affectionately, as Mother Moll; but at other times, and under other circumstances, and to other of her acquaintances, she was known by another name.

In due time the reader will learn that other name—and whether or not it was deserved.

To resume: the two men disappeared in the gloom of a narrow passage-way. But they paused to shake the snow from their garments and feet.

"Glad we're under cover, Algy, my boy!" muttered one of the fellows, kicking his heavy boots against the rude flooring.

"And I; but what keeps the old woman? She must know that after such a tramp, we must be half frozen."

"Bloody Moll doesn't care a button for that! She's independent of us, Algy. But—yes; here she comes at last, and— No; that is a man's walk."

The two crouched close against the damp wall, as the door at the end of the passage was gently opened and closed, and a tall, heavy figure suddenly loomed up in the uncertain spectral haze flung into the dark place by the glimmering snow. The prowlers scarcely breathed, but clung close to the wall, as the man strode hurriedly and boldly into the open air. As could be indistinctly seen, he was clothed coarsely, his gigantic person being wrapped in a common, cheap blanket. A mo-

ment later his firm footfall, crunching in the crusty snow, had died away.

"That was Black Ben, Algy," whispered the man called Tom. "I knew his figure, his walk. What the deuce is the fellow doing here?"

"At the old business—ours, Tom, or worse! I don't like the villain; he would chop my throat or yours for a quarter-dollar. We must keep our eyes on that man; he watches us. Perhaps we'll come out of the game even and square. But Moll—confound the old witch! is getting impudent; she gives us cold comfort!"

"Ay! Bloody Moll knows that your money is out—that luck is against you, that's all, Algy."

"The old hag! But I'll have money; yes, I swear I'll have it. However, kick on that door, Tom; maybe that will stir up the old beldame."

Tom did as directed; he applied his coarse boot vigorously to the stout oaken panel—and again and again. At last shuffling feet were heard inside. Then the well-barred door was cautiously opened; but it was almost immediately fastened with a large check chain.

"Who are you, and what's your business?" asked a rough, masculine voice in a hoarse growl.

"By Jove! that's cool, Moll!" answered the tall man, shaking the door vexatiously. "Certainly you were expecting us. Let us in, my beauty; we are already half-frost-bit."

"Ah! 'tis you, captain, and your shadow, the squint-eye! Ha! ha! But come in; I had not forgotten you."

As she spoke she opened the door, at the same time springing on the light of a small bull's-eye night lantern. The rays fell upon the woman's figure. She was a large, coarse-looking creature, dressed in a very slipshod style. Her head was capless and bare, her thin iron-gray locks flaunting about her head in the wind-blasts that swept rudely in.

The light likewise revealed a huge naked knife thrust into a wide belt of soft chamois skin, strapped around her portly waist.

"None of your compliments, Moll," muttered Tom, after a pause, as he entered the doorway. "You may some day make free an inch or so too much with me. Then you know there'd be a chance of your taking a cold, that's all!"

He spoke gruffly and half-menacingly.

"Ha! ha! man; I did but joke," laughed the brawny woman. "But hark, my child, and she sunk her voice to a whisper as she placed her lips to the fellow's ear, "old Moll knows secrets! But supposing she didn't, why you are a wisp of straw under this muscle! only a cabbage-head under this knife!"

As she growled these words, she bent her herculean right arm, making the flexen muscles swell grandly under the loose sleeve, while she pointed grimly to the knife in her girdle.

Jem started slightly; but he quickly recovered himself.

"I know you, Moll—and your power," he muttered. "But I allow that you know me, too; don't forget it. However, we'll not quarrel; let's be friends, old girl."

"Agreed," answered the woman, readily, with a chuckle, as she turned away toward a narrow staircase leading up into the house.

"Go ahead—go first, captain, and you, Jem; you know my rule," she said, decidedly, as she paused and pointed the way.

"Suspicious still, Moll! Certainly you can trust us," said the captain.

"Suspicious? Yes, I am. I wouldn't trust myself—if I had money! Go on, now; 'tis getting a trifle late."

The men hesitated no longer; they approached the stairs at once. As the captain put his foot on the lowest step he suddenly turned, and, locking the woman straight in the face, asked, sternly:

"What was Black Ben doing here, Moll?"

The woman was somewhat startled at first; but she soon rallied, and answered, defiantly:

"On his own business; and that's none of yours, captain."

"Nay, nay; that answer 'll not do, Moll," said the other, firmly. "Let me impress it upon you that I am not to be trifled with. What business brought Black Ben here? He is no friend to me, and I trust him only when I can see him, and can cover his heart with a pistol. Tell me the truth, Moll."

The woman was evidently nervous as the tall, black-bearded man towered almost threateningly above her.

"I'll speak the truth; but don't force me, captain!" she replied, sternly. "Black Ben came here to bring prog. Before Heaven, that's all! You know, there are a few canals y't on the river."

"Yes; all right, Moll; we'll believe you. Come, Jem; we must have our little talk, and be quick with it, too. You know I have other business—in town—yet."

Without another word the three ascended the stairs. The men paused on the landing above, by a room door.

"Now you can go to bed, and sleep well, Moll," said the captain, significantly. "Here is another dollar, and—good-night; we will lock up when we go."

The woman turned at once, and ascended another staircase leading to the second story. She answered not a word.

The men entered the room, closed the door securely and struck a light. The furniture of that apartment, strange to say, was elegant in the extreme; velvet sofas, rosewood chairs, bookcases containing choice volumes, a rich Turkey carpet that would have done honor to the Girard House, and a center-table of ornate, on which stood backgammon boards, and chessmen of cunning workmanship, were to be seen there. No painting or engraving, however, adorned the plain, bare walls; and no curtains were hung before the narrow window—only one, and that looking out over the river.

There was one striking peculiarity about the room. Outside of the single window was another; it was made of sheet-iron, and between the outside ordinary and the inside extraordinary window bars of iron, only an inch apart, descended from the heavy sill above. These bars were down now, and both windows closed.

"Old Moll is cautious!" muttered the captain, as he threw aside his heavy overcoat and stretched his sinewy limbs, as if glad of the comfort around him.

This man, who has already been so long before the reader, was a tall, fine-looking fellow, with a dark, tanned face, and a thick, curling, glossy beard. His eyes were large and lustrous; yet they condemned him; for from them shone the restless fires of a treacherous and desperate nature.

His companion was a much shorter man, powerfully built, with broad shoulders and long, muscular arms. His face was a riddle; it was difficult to read the tale it told—whether the fellow was courageous or craven, whether he was innocent or crime-stained. That face was broad and sensual, yet it was almost entirely concealed by a rough red beard, growing profusely, even up to his eyes. Those eyes were crossed, or squint; and they gave the

doubtful, puzzling appearance to his countenance.

"Yes, the old woman is cautious, Algy," he answered, casting his coarse eyes upon one of the rich sofas; "and she has reason to be. Suppose, as we do, Algy," he continued, in a lower voice, "that everybody knew what this old rat-nest hides—the piles of gold, and—"

"Sh! 'sh! 'sh! Jem; none of that. You must not speak of what you don't know," interrupted the other, looking at his companion with a meaning glance.

"Exactly, Algy; we know nothing of Bloody Moll—perhaps! But she, good soul, serves our purpose, and we must use her."

"Or, be assured, she'll use us, Jem," returned the captain, earnestly. "I sometimes distrust her; for woman is woman, the world over, and, as woman, is weak."

"True as preaching, Algy! And this old minx holds little secrets of ours."

"Well, well, Jem, we'll keep our eyes open. And who can tell the ending of all this? Yes, who?"

"Neither of us can, Algy; that's certain; though we may live to see it."

The last words were uttered in a low, deep tone.

For a moment there was a pause. But suddenly the captain exclaimed, as if he had been dreaming:

"I forgot something. Here, Jem, go down to the cellar and get a pitcher of ale—also some crackers and cheese; I feel tired and faint. Confound the old woman! She locks up the wine and brandy. And here—leave the score on the tap, Jem."

As he spoke, he tossed the man a few coins. Jem picked them up, and taking a large silver pitcher from a glittering sideboard in a corner of the room, turned toward the door.

As his hand rested on the knob, he turned his head quickly and cast a hurried, suspicious glance back at his companion.

But the captain's face was calm and imperturbable.

Jem opened the door and went out. He was standing now in a darkness that was almost impenetrable. But he did not hurry away. Carefully, adroitly, he moved a small block working in a groove in the door, and peered in. Still, however, the dark-bearded man who sat within by the table, moved not limb or muscle; he seemed to be pondering some weighty subject.

With a satisfied shrug, Jem softly descended the stairs in quest of the ale.

As soon as he had gone from the door, and his heavy footfall echoed on the stairs, the captain smiled grimly. That man had the eyes of a hawk, and the ears of a cat. He had noted the suspicious glance of his partner, had marked that his steps had paused outside of the door; he had heard them distinctly, too, when they had moved away.

His smile was, indeed, very grim.

"Jem is suspicious," he muttered, while his white teeth glistened behind his swart mustache. "He distrusts me; he knows that I hold him by the throat—that I stand between him and the unavailing of a terrible secret of the past. To offset this, he has scarcely nothing to— Yet, methinks, he has enough against me. Ah! Jem Walton, we are friends and allies, and we must serve one another; yet, how long, how long! But at bottom we are foes, and we are pitted against one another. I'll be on my guard with this man."

He drew a small repeating pistol from a side pocket, and raising the hammer to a half-cock, carefully examined the chambers of the weapon. Satisfied with his scrutiny, he thrust the firearm back into its hiding-place, and, arising, strode slowly around the room. He paused as he reached a corner of the apartment furthest from the door, and passed his ear cautiously along the wall. Again he paused—and very suddenly. Reaching his hand above his head, he pressed steadily on a particular portion of the hard, bare wall.

As if by magic, a section of the plastered surface, representing the space of two square feet, suddenly slid upward, leaving a black, yawning cavity. Up through this dark hole, the hoarse wash of rushing water echoed distinctly.

The man, with a slight shudder, drew back, and pressed again upon the wall. The section immediately glided down, and the dark secret—whatever it was—was shut out.

Just then steps sounded faintly on the stairway without, and, a moment later, the door was opened by Jem, who had returned with the ale and refreshments. But now the captain was striding meditatively up and down the room.

"Coarse fare, Jem!" he ejaculated, as, laughing low, he glanced at the crackers and cheese. "But we must be content with it—for a time, at least. After all, it gives energy and strength."

"I'll do now, Algy," answered his companion. "But it will be better when luck changes. Then you must not forget me."

"Never fear on that score," replied the captain, half sternly. "But the luck has not changed yet; don't forget that, too. Now to business. Fall to, Jem."

The men drew chairs by the table, and having emptied two large glasses, each, of the foaming beverage without breathing, commenced an immediate attack upon the bread and cheese. Then followed a low, hurried, and earnest conversation. At last there came a pause; but it was of short duration; for the captain looked up and said, while a dark frown overspread his face:

"It shall be so! I'll scruple at nothing! Minerva Clayton, haughty, heartless flirt as she is, shall be mine. In my own way, I love the girl—love her for her beautiful person, for the glitter and show she'll make. She pretends to despise me now. Perhaps she does. If so, it is because I have no money. Ah! but she likes my homage and adoration well enough. And money! I'll have it, Jem Walton; I swear it. Ah! Clinton Craig, you are treading on dangerous ground when you stand between me and what belongs to me. I'll hesitate at nothing now, and—Ha!"

He stopped very abruptly, and rising slowly, darted like lightning to the door. A moment and he had flung it open; and with the bound of a tiger he sprang upon some one outside.

"Aha! Bloody Moll!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse, angry whisper. "You are fond of eavesdropping. But you know not the man you are trifling with! Off with you! go to bed at once!" and he stamped his foot furiously.

"I heard some one in the cellar, and—"

"Stopped at this door to find out who it was!" sternly interrupted the man. "No, no! trifle not with me. Off—to your room at once!" He spoke authoritatively.

"Begone! or you'll catch a severe cold uncommon quick," growled Jem, who had drawn near.

Without any reply the old woman turned obediently and went up-stairs.

The conference between the two plotters lasted only a few minutes longer. At a late hour they noiselessly left the house, having extinguished the lights, and took their way rapidly back toward the city.

As soon as they had gone, a dusky form emerged from the gloom of the passageway, and followed on behind them. For a brief moment he turned on the light of a dark-lantern to see how to fasten the door. But brief as was that moment, it was sufficient to reveal the hideous face and form of a negro of herculean proportions.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 338.)

SILENCE.

BY HENRI MONTCALE.

We sat beside the silent stream,
And earth and sky and all did seem
The furniture of some strange dream.

We watched the sunset flush and fade,
The shadows deepen into shade,
The twilight grow—yet still we stayed.

We made no sign, we spoke no word;
No leaf within the thicket stirred;
Only across the stream we heard

The plaintive night-call of the loon.
Across the path of silvery light
Flings 'cross the stream a long pontoon;

And from the shadows opposite
Across the path of silvery light
Stealthily march the hosts of night.

Oh, love, at such a time as this,
Surely not one word needed is
To fill the measure of our bliss.

So each the other's lips shall seal
With burning kisses that reveal
But half the fervent love we feel.

And with our fingers interwove,
In perfect stillness we will prove
That hearts can tell their tale of love,

Though lips are dumb; and that always
The story that no words can say
The eyes may tell, the touch convey.

Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER; OR, The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC
PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.
A DEED OF DARING.

"HANDS OFF!" snarled Long Tom, springing back and drawing a long, slender dagger from his bosom.

"Don't make a fool of yourself now," sharply cried the other, making no motion toward drawing a weapon. "One would think you were running a race with the hangman."

"I have no business with you. There's room enough for us both—you keep to your own trail and I will to mine. You have been watching me close, of late—I have seen it. Just take a friend's advice and hunt up some other business—it's not a healthy game you're trying to play."

"If you haven't been drinking more than usual this morning, your wits are turning sour, Long Tom," laughed the little man in gray, good-humoredly. "A game I may be playing, but not exactly against you. Still, if I were, you would have to brag pretty heavily before you bluffed Jack Hayes."

Long Tom slowly replaced his weapon, and stood looking at the man with curiously-mingled feelings. This, then, was the lately appointed sheriff, concerning whose deeds of daring and wonderful exploits, many tongues had been busy ever since the troubles in Texas. His life as a Texas ranger and Indian fighter, no less than his life among the lawless of the mines, was familiar to nearly every Californian. The pride and reliance of honest men, the terror and scourge of criminals who were forced to admire even while they hated and feared him—such was Jack Hayes.

"Drop it, boys," cried Hayes, laughingly, as the diggers crowded eagerly around him with outstretched hands. "You'll have time enough to get acquainted with me before we say good-by."

Just now there's work to be done. First—some of you fellows take that Wolverine and stow him away where we can find him when he's wanted. They say he's rubbed out Little Cassino and Yazoo—not much loss, unless it is to our friend Long Tom, but it's time we put a stop to these muses—they have given Hard Luck a name that can be smelt for fifty miles. We'll rig up a court of justice, and give the whole outfit a chance. But now—there's to be a meeting to be held at the Dew Drop Inn. Some of you are wanted there—some are not. I'm going to stand at the door. Those whom I know clear through will pass me—All others will stay out. If any of these last feel themselves insulted, all they need do is to say as much, and after the show is over, I'll do my best to accommodate them. But they must wait. Any attempt to kick up a row while I'm engineering the machine, will be followed by a funeral, sure! That's all I've got to say."

This pointed speech was applauded to the echo. And probably no other man could have carried the matter through without there being more or less fault-finding if not something worse. But Hayes stood at the door of the Dew Drop Inn—the principal saloon of Hard Luck—and either admitted or refused such men as he chose, without any dispute or disturbance, saying, laughingly:

"I don't doubt but you're all square men, friends; but when I haven't known a man long enough to answer for him as I would for my brother, I've got to say no; so don't grow impatient, and your turn will come next time."

When some thirty or thirty-five were admitted, the doors were closed, and Jack Hayes seated himself upon the well-worn pine counter, and prepared for business.

"Gentlemen," he began, producing a couple of papers, "I have here my commission as sheriff, together with another authorizing me to raise a company of armed and mounted men for the purpose of bringing to justice one Joaquín Murietta and his followers, who are well known as outlaws, thieves and murderers. There is no need of my wasting time in detailing their crimes. It would take a month of Sundays for that. You all know that they have done enough to deserve death a thousand times over. And yet they run over the country as though they were the lords of creation, and we lower than the dirt beneath their feet. It is a burning shame—and I, for one, can never hold up my head as a man, until this disgrace is wiped out. In order to do this, I have called this meeting."

"In a few minutes I will call for volunteers, but remember I reserve the right to reject any or all whom I consider unfit for the work before us. By this I mean unsuited for the rough life we will have to lead, as those who can be employed better elsewhere. The pay will be one hundred dollars per month. Each man will furnish his own horse and weapons, but for any loss sustained in actual service will be repaid. A reward of five thousand dollars is offered for the head of Joaquín, three thousand

for that of Three-Fingered Jack, and five hundred for each member of his band, provided their connection can be proved.

"And now, gentlemen, before we go any further, my friend here—Jack Gabriel—has a word or two to say to you."

A tall, broad-shouldered, heavily bearded man, dressed in a flannel shirt and jeans trousers half-hidden inside heavy cowhide boots, limped forward, and was helped upon the counter by Hayes.

"Gentlemen," began Gabriel, brushing back a tangled shock of sandy hair, "I'm a plain, ignorant cuss, just from the cane-brakes of old Arkansas. I haven't got the gift of gab like the boss lawyer—I kin read a trail better than a book, but I guess you can understand what I'm goin' to say."

"I reckon you've heard tell of our little skirmish with Joaquín's gang t'other day. A blue-bellied Yankee tuck a fool notion he'd rake in that five thousand. He got up a gang—I was one. We run the varmints to airth—I kin show ye the place whar they uses. But when we got 'tithin smellin' distance, Yank he tuck tick to the stomach, an' wanted to crawl-fish. We jest kicked the cuss into a ditch, an' pitched in fer keeps. It's a nasty word—but we got licked clean out'n our boots. They was two to our one, an' they fit good—that much I will say. I got this cut—it runs from hip to knee—from Three-Fingers. Then Joaquín came at me, an' I hed to run; but not afore I told 'em I'd come an' see 'em ag'in. An' so I will, even if I go alone. Arkansas Jack never yit told a lie to 'n enemy. That's all I've got to say."

"It's enough, boy Jack. We'll give you some advice for your cut before many days. The ball is moving now, and we won't let it stop until Joaquín and his gang of cutthroats is nothing more than a memory. Now, gentlemen, we will open the list. Form in a circle around those two tables, and come up one by one. Remember what I told you before. Some will be rejected, but not because they are other than true, trusted men. But I explained that before. Now then, Jack Gabriel, you c-me first."

One by one the men approached the counter, being closely questioned by Hayes, and if accepted was sworn in and their names put upon the list. Long Tom was the first one rejected, and from that on stood sullenly by, a sour look upon his handsome face.

"Telling each man to keep a close tongue in his head, and to hold himself in readiness to take the field at a minute's warning, Hayes requested them to join him in a bumper to the success of the Man-Hunters—after which the meeting was adjourned and the doors thrown open. Then Hayes fastened upon the door-post a printed notice, bearing the words:

"\$5,000 REWARD!"

followed by a full description of Joaquín Murietta, and signed by the governor of California.

Directly afterward Hayes proceeded to investigate the affray at Long Tom's gambling-house, in which one dealer had been killed outright, and another terribly pounded by Wolverine. Though the evidence was confused, enough was shown to prove that the gamblers, taking advantage of their master's absence, and the drunken condition of the miner, had put up a "brace game" on Wolverine, who had detected the foul play and terribly avenged it.

"Gentlemen," said Hayes, addressing the crowd; "as we haven't got a regular court here yet, our proceedings may be a little informal, but we'll try to keep on the right side, while doing justice to all. Little Cassino has gone where we have no jurisdiction. Yazoo has also got a lesson—still, as we must be square, even in gambling, I move that he be invited to choose some other location, as soon as he is able to travel, with a hint that it will be very unhealthy for him to return before Gabriel blows his horn. As for Wolverine—"

"They run a 'brace game' on me, boss—three thousand dollars' worth—ain't that enough for once?" muttered the prisoner.

"You shall have every cent of it back," interrupted Long Tom. "I don't make my money in that way. Sheriff, as this man was robbed in my house, by men in my employ, during my absence, I request that he be set free without penalty."

"That's no more than I expected you would say, friend. But wait a moment. Now, Wolverine, be honest, would you have went in quite so heavy if you hadn't been drunk?"

"'Twas the whisky, boss—'twas the whisky," said the miner. "I don't reckon I knowed what I was doin'—"

"Then the whisky must be punished for kicking up such a row. Shut up—I'm running this outfit—and my sentence is that the prisoner must go and hold his head under the pump while some one plays on the pump-handle until even the smell of whisky is drowned."

This sentence was hailed with cheers, and knowing that any resistance would only increase his punishment, Wolverine submitted with as good grace as might have been expected.

Among the spectators of the ducking was a horseman with gray hair and beard, ragged and dirty, seemingly decrepit and feeble. No one noticed him in the excitement of the moment, but his eyes roved quickly over the crowd, resting longest on the face of Hayes.

When Wolverine was half drowned Hayes bade them let him loose, and then removed his handcuffs. While this was going on the ragged horseman passed on to the saloon, and in a feeble tone called for some liquor. While drinking it he read the notice posted before him without the change of a muscle. Paying for the liquor, he took out a pencil and scribbled a line beneath the signature, then drove a knife deep into the pine through the paper, at the same time uttering, in a loud tone:

"I AM JOAQUÍN! TAKE ME WHO CAN!"

Tearing off false hair and beard, he thundered down the street, firing shot after shot into the yelling crowd behind. Instant pursuit was made, led by Jack Hayes.

CHAPTER XIV.
"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE."

"PLEASE manage your dinner so as to remain in the room after the rest have gone—I will explain then."

The boy miner's cheek flushed hotly, and a vivid light filled his blue eyes as he passed on, reaching his accustomed seat more through instinct than reason. The whole room and its occupants seemed to be dancing a dizzy reel, and it was only when Chough Lee placed his dinner before him that he recovered himself, and could remember just what had occurred.

He had entered the dining-room, as customary, stopping to hand Mary Morton gold for his dinner. While she was making change she whispered the order recorded above, then turned hastily aside to wait upon another customer.

During the greater portion of the time since his first arrival at Hard Luck, Little Volcano had been kept too busy for indulging in day-

"A fact. The words he wrote upon the placard were, 'I will give ten thousand' to which he signed his name."

dreams, though he had never forgotten the fair maiden whom he had so luckily been able to assist; and, almost unconsciously to himself, the impression Mary Morton then made upon him deepened and strengthened with each day, until it would require but a very slight impulse to send him over head and ears in love. Thus it was, when he received that softly whispered invitation, that he attached, perhaps, a more serious meaning to it than the girl intended.

Since the day Zimri Coon had used Sleepy George as a grizzly bear bait, and afterward caught him—as he firmly believed—listening to them from ambush, while Little Volcano was telling the story of the outlaw placer, and sent him off with a flea in his ear, there had been a good deal of strategy going on. Returning to Hard Luck, by Coon's advice, the boy miner publicly announced that he had lost a written paper, offering two hundred dollars reward for its recovery. This was to throw Sleepy George off the trail, in case he had heard their comments on the placer, and to give it color, as well as to make sure that the bummer should not slip off to have a search for the placer on his own account, the partners never both left the town at the same time. Little Volcano was one of the spectators to the bold exploit of Joaquín that Sunday, and perhaps he was the only one who did not fire a shot or start in pursuit of the daring outlaw; despite the intense excitement this fact was noticed and afterward commented upon. More than one evil, suspicious glance was given the boy miner; but he went his way unconscious of them—a fairer subject filled his mind.

One by one the diners finished their meal and dropped out, only a few of the more self-possessed daring to give more than a respectful glance at the fair doorkeeper; and those who did address her received no encouragement to pause for a chat. Mary was but little more at ease than the boy miner, nor did this agitation lessen as the last miner took his departure, leaving the young couple the sole occupants of the room.

With far more courage than it would have required for him to march up to the muzzle of a loaded pistol in an enemy's hand, Little Volcano arose and approached the tiny office, where, blushing deeply, with downcast eyes, Mary awaited him.

"You wished to speak with me, Miss Morton?"

Not as the words are printed here did he speak them—rather each one came out like drawing a tooth; but they answered the purpose by setting Mary more at ease, and breaking the ice.

"I did. You must have thought it strange of me—to speak to you in that way, but there was no other course open to me. I looked for you yesterday, but you didn't come. I was writing a note when you came in, and would have sent it to you by Chough Lee. But perhaps I can tell you better as it is. Your life is in danger—"

"That is nothing very terrible," laughed little Volcano, as Mary faltered. "So it has been nearly every day these three years back. Yet I thank you very much for taking even the slightest interest—"

"You and your friend, Mr. Coon, risked your lives for a perfect stranger—is not that a sufficient excuse?" softly uttered the maiden.

"You have never given me a chance to thank you for that, but, believe me, I am grateful—"

"I would do a thousand times as much just for one kind word—" impetuously began the boy miner, but, as if his ardor frightened her, Mary resumed the almost forgotten subject.

"Please listen to me—and believe what I say, even if I cannot tell you just how I came by the knowledge. Your life is in great danger. It is rumored that you have possession of a paper giving full directions how to find an enormously rich placer of gold—though you pretend it is lost. Some men—I only know Sleepy George—have resolved to win your secret, even if they have to murder you for it. They are dogging you night and day, hoping to learn where you keep the paper. But they are growing impatient, and have resolved to kill you and take the chances of finding it."

"I half suspected as much," said Little Volcano, with a light laugh. "We have been watching Sleepy George pretty closely for the last week, and the chances are that he will run into a hornet's nest the first time he shows his hand. But that does not lessen my debt to you—the idea of you taking so much trouble on my account—it almost makes me ashamed of myself—and yet I would rather have your interest and good will than all the gold in California!"

"You have more than earned it—only for you that day—"

Sitting cross-legged upon one of the dining-tables, a sleepy smile upon his yellow face, going through the pantomime of clapping his hands in noiseless delight, the sole spectator of this little tableau—was the Celestial, Chough Lee. And possibly he might be sitting there until this day enjoying the love-scene, had not his pantomime went so far as to overbalance him, and the noise made by his clattering wooden-soled shoes upon the floor as he rolled from the table, awakened the young couple from their brief dream of love.

"Remember—for my sake, be cautious," murmured Mary, then slipped away from the boy miner's arms and quickly disappeared.

Little Volcano remained watching the doorway through which she had vanished, until a low, oily chuckle aroused him, to find the little Celestial beside him, a benevolent grin upon his flat countenance, otherwise as expressionless as a piece of highly-smoked dough.

"Now," said Little Volcano, in a slow, distinct tone, at the same time placing a little bag of dust in Chough Lee's hand, "you have been sleeping all this time—and what you dreamed you had better forget. If you talk, I'll cut off your pigtail, and then you'll never see China-heaven."

"Chough Lee savey—th' bet!" gracefully replied the Celestial.

Little Volcano lingered around the hotel for a while, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of Mary, then strode away and up the hills. He wanted to be alone—to recall each word and look of his charmer—to realize the blissful truth that she was his and his alone, by her own confession. And lying beneath the huge redwood, with the fragrant azaleas around him, he dreamed away the rest of the day, little recking of all the plotting and scheming going on in the town below, of which he was the center—and a little suspecting, what a crushing blow was even then awaiting him. Though the sky seemed all light and joy, peaceful and happy, a cloud was creeping up, growing larger and spreading wider until it should envelop and swallow him up—and he dreamed on.

Night came, and he hastened down to supper. Mary was there, but only a quick glance could they interchange, in that rough crowd. Dallying with his food, the boy miner waited for the boarders to disperse, but before that occurred, he saw Mary leave the room and Mrs. Champion take her place. Nor did Mary return, though he waited until the last. Down-hearted, he was forced to depart—going, though ignorantly, to his fate. Strolling aimlessly along, he soon found himself beside the spring which served to furnish the Miner's Rest with water. Not feeling in the mood for society, even that of Zimri Coon, Little Volcano stretched himself upon the soft grass beside the murmuring waters.

How long he lay there, he never knew. The sound of voices aroused him. Glancing up he saw, partially in the shadow, partly in the moonlight, two figures—a man and a woman. God! what a bitter pang pierced his heart as he recognized Mary Morton, her hands upon the man's shoulder, his arm wound around her lithe waist! He lay like one in a trance. He strove to arise—to cry out; but in vain. A superior will held him there, helpless as a babe, to be tortured as only they can be who love with all their soul; to see the tall man stoop and press his lips upon the fair, upturned face—to see the caress returned—to catch the indistinct sounds of low, loving words. All this he saw—and then, like a madman, he sprang erect, uttering a hoarse, inarticulate cry, as he darted forward, revolver in hand.

But there was no one to confront him. Like a vision of night the figures faded away, leaving no trace behind—leaving him alone in his mad despair.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

SUN AND STORM.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

One day my boat set out to sea
And floated—oh, so buoyantly!
Its happy freight was two; and I,
Unlashed of sorrow, knew no sigh,
Nor fancied love could ever die—
So fraught my heart with melody.

Oh, day-dream whence the young soul wakes
To find all things a mockery!
The summer sun sends solace sweet,
Yet on his track the wintry sleet—
The chill that shivers in her heart—
Drives, as it were, a demon's dart,
And boats no longer o'er the sea
Float buoyantly!

The Sword Hunters:

OR,
THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

A Sequel to "Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITAKER,
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN,"
"LANCE AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ENVOY.

THE moon shone down on the city of Lamphs about three nights later, and every street was brilliantly illuminated with colored lanterns, while the people crowded the squares, and the sound of music came from all quarters. Lamphs was rejoicing over the marriage of Queen Lalamina to the wonderful white stranger who had come from afar with the terrible fire weapons.

It was in the midst of this rejoicing that our three friends were gathered in the grand banquet hall of Queen Lalamina, the object of all the festivity.

Tom Bullard, metamorphosed into an Egyptian prince, was seated by Lalamina's side on the great white throne. Manuel sat on their right hand, and Curtis was on the left, while before them was spread the banquet table, which accommodated five hundred guests at a time, and which was now full of the great lords of Lamphs, met to do honor to their queen's bridal feast.

The feast was nearly over, and a number of beautiful girls were dancing in slow, graceful movements to the music of golden harps, when a young nobleman in glittering armor, the officer of the queen's guard, glided softly through the crowd of slaves beside the throne, and handed the queen a letter.

It was a great square packet of papyrus, and covered with the same sort of characters which one now sees on Egyptian monuments thousands of years old.

Queen Lalamina opened it, glanced over it, and handed it to Tom.

"Read, prince," she said, briefly, but her eye flashed and she looked as angry as only a queen used to absolute power can.

Tom gravely inspected the packet in silence. He turned over the leaves and looked at a long array of pictures of birds, beasts and human figures, of which of course he could not understand the full meaning. Still, being, as we

have intimated, a sharp fellow, he made out a good deal of the general intention of the paper. At the head of the missive which excited Queen Lalamina's ire, was a great oval stamp, surrounded with hieroglyphics. Tom had seen such seals in hundreds at Thebes and Memphis, and knew that they were called *cartouches*, being the names of the different kings who ordered certain inscriptions.

This cartouche was undoubtedly to tell who the letter came from. It was followed by some queer characters resembling men bowing, and then came the cartouche of Queen Lalamina herself, a very good profile likeness. Tom interpreted it to be, "King Somebody greets Queen Lalamina." and he was right.

What followed was not quite so clear, and you can see if you can make it out for yourself as Tom did. He interpreted it to Curtis and Manuel very readily.

"Look here, fellows," said Tom, "somebody wants our scalps. You see that fellow running. That's a messenger who's brought news. You see these three chaps on donkeys. That's us, and company. See the hats. Mr. Donohoo has heard about us. What's this next. Oh, Jack, by Jove, if it isn't Lalamina hugging me! So he's heard that, too. Then, see here. That's a club, I guess."

"No," said Manuel, smiling; "that's a scepter, the symbol of command. It means, I order you to do something. What is it he orders?"

Tom burst out laughing. "Oh, Wiseman, look! He wants to give us rats. See here. There's a fellow carrying our three heads, and there are our bodies being chucked into the river! That's plain enough, I reckon. He wants the queen to throw us into the river and send him our heads. That's what I call cool."

All this while the beautiful queen sat looking at Tom with a strange expression. Pride, anger and love seemed to be struggling in her mind with some gnawing anxiety and fear, and she looked at Tom, full of wonder at his coolness.

"Well," she said, when he turned round, smiling, "do you understand it, my lord?"

"I think so," said Tom, coolly. "Some king wants you to kill us, and send him our heads. Isn't that it?"

"Yes," she said, shuddering, and passing one arm around his neck as if to shield him from danger; "but he shall not touch my prince while Lalamina lives."

"Who is the old fellow?" asked Tom, carelessly. "He writes such a shocking bad hand I can't make out his name."

Lalamina looked round in a manner half-aprehensive.

"Do you not know? It is from the great Faron himself, the great Sheshouk, who rules all the Maimonides."

"Indeed?" said Tom, coolly. "Well, then, I suppose we shall have to fight, my love. That is, if you think you don't want to give us up."

"No, never!" said the queen, shuddering. "If Lamphs must fall, I will fall with it; but my prince, my lion lord, shall fall with me at his side."

"I see no need for any one falling, great queen," said Manuel, quietly. "With us to help you, the Faron may be beaten."

"Alas, you know him not," said the queen, sadly. "He can bring ten armies against our one, and five thousand elephants call him master."

"For all that," said Manuel, "we can beat him. How long will it be before he can attack us, if we fight?"

"In fifty days he would be before our walls."

"It is enough," said Manuel, calmly. "When we crossed the river, great queen, we promised to help you against your foes. Now is the time to redeem our promise. Make me your general; give me power to collect what I need, and to order your workmen, and I pledge you my word that when Sheshouk comes before these walls, it shall only be to his ruin. Will you trust me?"

The queen hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," said Tom, briskly. "I know old Wiseman, and we all do as he says. Only let me lead your cavalry, when the battle comes. We can beat the Faron all to pieces in one day."

Lalamina listened to Tom with sparkling eyes. She was wildly in love with her handsome young husband, and believed all he said, when Manuel's grave promises had no effect.

She rose to her feet, and spoke in a loud tone to the nobles at the board. Instantly all rose in silence.

"Open the doors," cried the beautiful queen, in Arabic, so that her husband could understand her. The friends had found that Arabic was used in Lamphs by the upper classes, much as French is talked in England and America.

The Faron Sheshouk of Sorapis has sent us word to slay our guests," said Lalamina, in a clear, cutting voice. "Nobles of Lamphs, you know how he has ground us down for years with tribute, and how his insolent tax-gatherers have taken all our wealth to feed his luxury. Now he adds to this the insult of asking me to slay my lord and husband, and to give up our guests to be sacrificed in Sorapis. He little knew who these guests were! Nobles of Lamphs, who of you will support his queen? Shall we bow to the Faron forever? Let us be bold at last, for we have the strangers from afar to help us, and let us throw off the yoke of the Faron forever!"

A shout of applause announced that the nobles of Lamphs supported their queen; and then, in the very midst of the shout, a tall, handsome man, arrayed in magnificent robes, swept into the room at the open door, followed by a glittering train.

It was the Faron's envoy!

The haughty noble glanced carelessly round the room over which a great hush had fallen at his entrance, and then moved slowly and proudly up the room to the foot of the throne. It was evident that he was used to being obeyed and feared, for he met none but timid, averted glances, as he stared contemptuously from side to side.

Manuel, who was watching the whole scene with great keenness, could see that the Lamphians were used to being bullied, and that all their love for their queen could not hold them up against the moral effect of their ruler's presence in the person of the envoy.

Tom, who stood by Lalamina, could feel her tremble, and drew her arm through his own to support her.

Then the envoy approached the throne, and without any of the ordinary marks of reverence, for the first time looked up.

His eyes met those of the American new-made prince.

By a sudden inspiration it occurred to Tom that if he were to address the envoy he might break the spell that seemed to be gathering over everybody, and encourage them all.

As the thought crossed his mind, he gently placed Lalamina on her seat again, and standing alone before the envoy, met his haughty gaze with one fierce and menacing, as he said in Arabic:

"Whose dog are you to come into the presence of the king of Lamphs without prostrating yourself? Down on your face, or I will have you whipped with rods, for I am king here!"

The effect of this fierce address was astounding. The covering Lamphian nobles drew an audible shivering breath, and started half up, staring at the envoy as if they expected to see him wither the speaker with a thunderbolt.

The envoy himself started back, divided between exasperation and blank amazement, almost choked with passion.

Then he recovered himself with a tremendous effort, and turned to his suite. Behind him were four gigantic negroes, each a perfect Hercules in muscular development, but totally unarmed, and naked save for a gold fringe round the waist. Our friends afterward learned that they were the Faron's executioners, whom it was death to resist.

The envoy spoke in Arabic, in low tones of intense passion:

"I will show you who I am. Seize the three strangers and this wretched woman who dares to disobey Sheshouk, the Faron."

The four executioners bowed to the earth before the envoy. Then each turned to a waiting slave behind, and took from him a pair of shackles, with which they were about to advance.

"Now, fellows," cried Tom, in English, drawing both his pistols, "this is your time to cow these niggers!"

In a moment Manuel and Jack Curtis had risen, a pistol in each hand.

"Drop those shackles and leave the room," said Tom sternly to the executioners, as they advanced.

He was answered by a hoarse laugh of scorn, as the huge fellows, not even hurrying their pace, came toward him. Evidently they were not used to being resisted, and had never seen a pistol before.

"One at a time," said Tom, coolly.

Then he leveled at the broad breast of the leader and shot him through the heart.

The sound of the shot caused a shriek of surprise from every one in the hall, save the followers of the Americans, who were gathered near the throne. Then on a sudden Abou Hassan rushed forward, crying in Arabic:

"Leave the dogs to me, white brothers!"

In a moment the Arab's sword flashed through the air and another executioner fell, cut in half at the waist. The other two, as if struck by lightning, uttered a howl of dismay, and fell prostrate before the throne.

But it would be hard to picture the face of the envoy as he saw the instant destruction which had overtaken the dreaded executioners of the Faron.

He glared round at his suite, where there were some twenty armed men, then at the amazed Lamphian nobles, then at the bold strangers who had defied him to his face. There they stood, the dark, fierce Hamraus, the grinning Baboola, Saki, the stolid Egyptian servants and Mahomed the dragoman, all looking ready to meet him without fear, and waiting for the word. The hall was full of armed Lamphian soldiers on guard, and it was evident he had no chance in a struggle.

By a great effort he controlled his rage and spoke to Queen Lalamina in the language of the Maimonides.

Before he had said three words Tom interrupted him in Arabic.

"Silence, dog. Will you dare address a king's wife in the king's presence? I am king of Lamphs. Speak to me."

At this Lalamina, who had been sitting shuddering beside him, spoke in a low tone of great relief:

"Yes, Rah Hotep, it is true. He is king now. I have given the kingdom to him."

Rah Hotep turned on the new prince proudly.

"It is well," he said, in Arabic. "I will speak to you, rebel and traitor. You have defied the Faron and insulted his envoy. Before fifty days have rolled away not one stone of Lamphs shall be left unturned, and you shall be impaled!"

He was turning away, when Tom stepped down and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Tell your master," said Tom, fiercely, "that he is a dog and son of a dog. I am no subject of his, but a prince, come to take away his kingdom from him. Go."

The last words seemed to pierce the mask of pride which had sustained Rah Hotep so long, for his countenance fell.

There was a prophecy, as our friends afterward learned, that a stranger should overthrow the Faron and rule the Maimonides, some day.

Rah Hotep regained his composure in a moment.

"Dogs bark," he said, sententiously. "Lions roar. In fifty days the lions will tear you."

Then he signed to his suite and strode away, leaving the two dead executioners lying at the foot of the throne.

No sooner was he out of the room than Lalamina threw herself at her husband's feet, embracing his knees.

"You are my lion king, and I adore you," she said.

And all the nobles gave a great shout of joy, and crowded round to kiss the hands and feet of the white strangers who came to promise them freedom.

CHAPTER XXII.

PREPARATIONS.

A FEW weeks later Lamphs was in a flutter of excitement. Outside the walls a little army was mustering, and the Lion King, as our Tom was called now, was to lead it against the army of the Faron, which was coming from Sorapis, with the forces of fifteen cities, to overwhelm Lamphs.

Manuel had been hard at work during that time, assisted by Jack Curtis; for Tom had appointed him prime minister, and obeyed his counsel in everything. The lessons of superior civilization had borne great fruit among the already highly civilized Maimonides. Manuel found them to be skillful metal workers in brass, copper and iron; and at once set them to work to manufacture some cannon.

He knew that such fine work as muskets was beyond their reach in the time they had, but copper and brass castings were easily made. He soon had thirty or forty short, wide-mouthed pieces constructed and bored smooth. He concluded that these would be most effective against the heavy, dense bodies of troops which the Faron used, like the old Egyptians.

Carriages for these were easily constructed, and gunpowder was manufactured under Manuel's orders, the sulphur being taken from the crater of the extinct volcano they had noticed when entering the Hidden Country.

Cannon-balls were cast in abundance, but Manuel placed his great dependence on grape and canister, of which he had enough made to load five wagons for each gun.

While Manuel attended to the foundries it was Curtis' part to drill the Lamphian soldiers with dummy pieces to the use of the cannon. As fast as a real one was turned out it was har-

nessed and drilled with, and the soldiers displayed as much delight as schoolboys at their new pieces.

But Manuel was careful not to let the secret of those weapons get out, for fear of warning the enemy, whom he knew to be ten to one in numbers. He and his friends mixed all the powder themselves, and only allowed the workman to handle it when mixed, the mill being erected across the river from Lamphs. The quantity required was so great that it required extreme caution in handling, to prevent accidents.

Here our friends found their Egyptians and Arabs invaluable, they being used to firearms, and forming excellent instructors in the simpler maneuvers of artillery, which the quick-witted Lamphians picked up very rapidly.

As for Tom, he was at work drilling the cavalry to rapid movements, and increasing its force. The friends concluded that, since they could only get together about twenty thousand men anyway, while the Faron mustered nearly two hundred thousand spears, it was best to keep their infantry in the city, and fight a battle outside the walls, with nothing but guns and horsemen, so that, if defeated, they could retreat without molestation from slow infantry, and trust to a siege to beat off the enemy.

And meanwhile, day and night, the people of Lamphs were turning out guns and shot, and filling their magazine with powder, till they had a train of twenty-four guns in the field, and a hundred more twice as large mounted on the ramparts.

And then at last, one glorious morning, the Lion King rode out of Lamphs, followed by a glittering group of officers, while Manuel bore the baton of general of the army, and Jack Curtis rode proudly in front of the clattering, rumbling train of artillery.

Queen Lalamina was near her husband, mounted on a splendid chariot; and the cavalry followed, divided into squadrons of a hundred each, and numbering nearly ten thousand horsemen.

The couriers from the frontiers had brought in news that the Faron's army was at hand, and that the nearest city, which had been friendly till then, had shut its gates and shot arrows at the couriers of Lalamina.

"Now, Wiseman," said Tom, gravely, as they rode at the head of the troops, "don't believe I'm such an ass as to think I know more than you, because I've married a queen. I want you to give all the orders, old boy, and I promise to obey them, because you know your business. All I want is to have the cavalry, and for you to tell me when to charge."

"I'll tell you that now," said Manuel. "When I get them into confusion with the grape, then you sail in and cut them to pieces, but stop and come back when you hear me fire a single gun after a pause."

"All right, old fellow," said the Boy King, and away he galloped to the side of Lalamina's chariot.

The queen would not go back. She had determined to see the battle and share her husband's fate, whatever it was, and the Faron's army was within three hours' march of the head of the column.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

A DENSE column of dust in the distance announced the coming of the Faron's army, as Manuel gave the signal for the Lamphians to halt.

The theater of the coming battle was a great green plain about four miles wide, and dotted over with clumps of great trees like a park, and which fed herds of giraffes and antelopes as tame as sheep. It was one of the great game preserves of the Faron himself, between the cities of Rametho and Bubaris, rivals of Lamphs, which stood at about twelve miles apart, the towers of Rametho plainly visible to the left at the edge of the plain.

We couldn't get a better position than this," said Manuel, as Tom rode up to him to consult. "The Faron will probably attack in great masses, hoping to crush us by his weight, and these plains will enable us to maneuver our horse and inclose his flanks."

The little Lamphian army was drawn up at the edge of a gentle hill that overlooked the plain and the artillery was brought to the front. It was divided into four batteries of six guns each, two being placed in front of the center and one on each wing, where Manuel and Jack Curtis commanded each a body of about two thousand cavalry, all lancers, clad in armor of chain-work. In the center was the new King of Lamphs, with Lalamina in her chariot beside him, and twelve guns looking grimly out on the foe, while behind him towered the solid squadrons of all the rest of the heavy horsemen.

There they stood, patiently waiting the coming of the enemy that was hidden by that great cloud of dust.

In front of the little army a number of light-armed horsemen, led by Abou Hassan and his brothers, were galloping out to meet and attack the enemy.

On they came, and soon, through the dust, they could see the gleam of armor, and presently a few scattering shots told that Abou Hassan and the few Egyptians were firing off their muskets. But it did not seem to have much effect on the enemy, as a fierce shout replied, and the handful of light horse came galloping in a moment later, pursued by a cloud of mounted archers shooting arrows.

It was only the sight of the glittering squadrons of the Lamphians that checked the victorious Maimonides, who must have been at least three thousand strong; and they slowly and sullenly retired, after shooting a volley of arrows that fell short of their mark.

Manuel had forbidden a shot to be fired before he gave the signal, or the venturesome archers would have paid dear for that volley, for they had come within a hundred and fifty yards of the guns.

As the archers retired, they drew off to the right and left, and disclosed the head of a broad column of foot soldiers, with long lances and great square shields. These men came tramping steadily forward till within about two hundred yards, when they halted.

Manuel had ridden up to Tom, leaving his wing to the charge of Abou Hassan. When he saw the spearmen halt he smiled.

"If they'll only bring all their army up there," he observed, "I don't know that we need grumble, for they are just within range for our grapeshot to spread well."

"We mustn't let too many come on, though," said Tom, looking down the lines of his own guards. "The Faron's got a grist of men, and these Lamphians are so used to thinking him irresistible that a very little will cow them. If those fellows gave a good yell and charged, it's my belief half our men would turn tail."

"We must encourage them, then," said Manuel. "Ask your wife to make them a speech. Tell them that we are only waiting to get the whole army together to blow them to pieces, and that we're afraid they'll all run away if we begin too soon."

"By Jove, not a bad idea," said Tom, heartily. "It takes you, old boy, to tell us what to do."

And a few minutes later a loud cheer from the Lamphians proclaimed that the news encouraged them in the very nick of time. And now Manuel sat on his swift onager in front of the line, steadily watching the enemy as body after body of spearmen, each arranged in a dense square mass, marched forward and ranged itself in grim silence beside the first phalanx. Manuel counted a hundred shields in front of one of these bodies, and as it turned to take its place in line its depth was equal to its front. Ten thousand men were in each of these great phalanxes, and eight of them came marching up and halted in front of the Lamphians.

They looked terrible in their vast masses, and the long thin lines in which the Lamphians were drawn up seemed quite useless to stop them when they chose to advance, but the Maimonides had halted without so much as a trumpet sound, and seemed to be waiting for something.

Manuel guessed what that something was. It was the presence of the Faron.

On came the huge masses of infantry, till twelve of them had halted, and still the slender lines of the Lamphians stretched far to the right and left of them, for where the Maimonides had a hundred ranks the Lamphians had only four, the rear ones some distance apart from the front.

Then was heard a great shouting in the rear, and a huge cloud of dust as a great mass of elephants came trotting up through a gap that had been left in the center of the Faron's line. In the very front, mounted on a gorgeous golden howdah, borne by two elephants harnessed side by side, sat a man with a long black beard. His body glittered all over with jewels, and his head was crowned with a plumed diadem.

"Now's your time, Tom! That's the Faron! Give it to him with the guns!" cried Manuel, as he shook his rein and galloped off down the line to give the signal.

It was not a moment too soon. The Faron was waving his scepter, the elephants were moving forward to crush everything beneath their feet, the spearmen raised a tremendous shout, clashing their spears and shields, and only two hundred yards divided the armies.

As Manuel galloped to his batteries he could see his cavalry wavering, and that a feather might turn the scale. Then, there was a great crash, as the twelve guns of Tom's big battery, loaded to the muzzle with grapeshot, stones, pieces of waste copper, and all sort of rubbish, poured forth their deadly volley into the midst of the mass of elephants.

The effect was terrible. The whole crowd fell into confusion. The Faron's howdah was upset, and the monarch flung to the earth. With wild shrieks of pain and dismay, the frightened elephants recoiled and broke to the right and left, trampling down the men in the phalanx like insects. In another moment the batteries on the right and left wings opened their fire, tearing broad lanes through the helpless masses of infantry wedged in solid array.

The army of the Maimonides stood and wavered to and fro as if struck helpless. A moment later the terrible cannon began to fire singly as fast as the artillerymen could load them, and their fire was directed on the dense masses of infantry and the struggling elephants. Before the fire had lasted ten minutes, with a great wail of terror and dismay the whole of the vast array wavered to and fro, broke, and finally dispersed into a ruined, panic-stricken mass of fugitives, streaming over the plain.

Up comes Manuel to the new king at a gallop.

"Now's your time, Tom," he cried. "Charge and cut them to pieces, while I limber up and follow. Take the Faron if you can. He's worth all the rest."

"Ay, ay, old fellow."

A moment later the wave of horsemen swept forward, and the battle was no longer a battle but a rout and a massacre.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

THE history of our Sword Hunters is almost over. We might tell how the Faron of the Maimonides was taken prisoner, compelled to resign his crown, and how the other cities elected the Lion King, as Tom Bullard was now called, to be their new Faron.

Manuel and Jack were treated like princes, and might have married any one out of a dozen queens. But Manuel got tired of the country first after about two years. He had a fortune at home and longed to see his native land and be at home once more.

He and Jack finally agreed to leave together, and Bullard, the new Faron, loaded them with presents to take home. He preferred to stay, himself, more especially as he had two children, and didn't propose to leave a throne and go back to work for a living.

"Tell uncle John I'm all hunk," he said, in parting, "and if he'll come over here, I'll treat him like a king."

But uncle John never did come. He was dead when they reached America, and had left all his property to a girl whom he married at sixty. So Tom did a wise deed to stay in Africa.

Manuel and Jack crossed the Sahara and reached Algiers in safety. They both agreed never to disclose the mystery of the whereabouts of the Hidden Country, and they both kept their word. No one to this day knows where it is, but Manuel and Jack, who are now living in America and happily married, and it was from them that your friend who writes this learned the history of the Sword Hunters.

THE END.

YOUR BONANZA AWAITS YOU!

SEND FOR THE TICKETS AT ONCE!

NO POSTPONEMENT!

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"SKRIMMAGE" WITH THE CHEYENNES.

THAT Buffalo Bill meant "business" when he started for the Sioux country, as chief of scouts, we could well believe. News from the "seat of war" often advert to his performance, which are highly characteristic of the man. In a late news letter from Fort Laramie we are given the particulars of General Merritt's ride after the Cheyennes—a band eight hundred strong, who were marching to join Sitting Bull.

Informed of this, by courier, Merritt (then near Laramie) immediately put out with his regiment, the noted Fifth Cavalry. He had to make eighty miles while the Indians made only thirty, but this feat the cavalry performed and headed the Indians. The regiment was out of sight behind the bluffs as the Indians came on. Catching sight of the wagon-train, some six miles distant, the red-skins began to maneuver for its capture, and swarmed along a ridge three miles away, over which the train must pass.

Just as these dispositions were making, two couriers put out from the train with dispatches for Merritt, when eight Cheyennes left their covert and rode forward to surprise and scalp the couriers. Buffalo Bill and his scouts, seeing the danger of the couriers, at once mounted and dashed down from the covert where the scouts and the advance guard under Lieut. King, accompanied by General Merritt, had been hidden. Cody with his men made his way, unseen by the eight savages, down to the cover of an intervening butte. The account proceeds:

Crouching behind the little butte, Bill and his party of two scouts and six soldiers were busily waiting half an hour for the General with one of his staff. The lieutenant lay at the crest, watching the rapidly advancing foe. Down they came, nearer and nearer, the sun flashing from their brilliantly-painted bodies and their polished ornaments. Then, just as they are dashing by the front of the hill, King shouts:

"Now, lads, in with you!"

With a rush and yell, the troopers are hurled upon the Indians' flank, not fifty yards away. General Merritt sprang up to see the attack just as a tall Indian reeled in his saddle, shot by Corporal Wilkinson, of K company. An answering bullet whistled by the General's head, when King—still on the watch—saw out:

"Here they come, by the dozens!"

The reserve Indians came swarming down from the ridge to the rescue. Company K was instantly ordered to the front. But before it appeared from behind the bluff, the Indians, emboldened by the rush of their friends to the rescue, turned savagely on Buffalo Bill and the little party at the outpost.

The latter sprang from their horses and met the daring charge with a volley. Yellow Hand, a young Cheyenne brave, came foremost, singling Bill as a foe man worthy of his steel. Cody coolly knew, and, taking deliberate aim, sent his bullet through the chief's leg and into his horse's head. Down went the two, and before his friends could reach him, a second shot from Bill's rifle laid the red-skin low.

The Cheyennes broke for their rendezvous, and then the whole body scattered in hot haste, a disordered mass. To pursue, after the hard ride to head them, was impossible, so most of the band escaped.

Mr. Cody has sent to his home in Rochester all Yellow Hand's trappings, together with his scalp, which his scouts "raised" as a matter of policy. An Indian doubly dreads death when he knows he is to go into the happy hunting-grounds bald-headed. It is a mark of everlasting disgrace there; so the real Indian-fighter rarely fails to inflict the disgrace when he can. Mr. Cody is a humane man and an honorable foe, but if he waxes Sitting Bull's "top-knot," the country will not cry out against the scout who takes it, we opine.

Sunshine Papers.

A Maternal Soliloquy.

"If ever a mortal has cause for joy, it is I when I get those children abed and asleep! Oh! dear, I'm so tired I really cannot sew, though there is no end of work to get done—those new box-plated dresses for Jessie, three suits for Willie, and all the slips to tuck for Baby, besides any quantity for myself; but the children's sewing must be done first. Jessie had to go out walking to-day in a gingham Gabrielle, while Mrs. Preacher's little Mamie had on just the loveliest tuck and ruffled yoked dress. And I do want my Jessie to look as pretty as other children. I often think of it—it is very funny that Mrs. Preacher used to favor us ladies of the sewing-circle with her views upon the bringing up of children; and one matter she considered very reprehensible was the amount of time mothers spent upon adorning their little ones. But I notice that she manages to put as much work as possible on all Mamie's clothes. I suppose it is only the cropping out of human nature. We all want to see our own look the nicest. I do think though, sometimes, that perhaps the practice encourages an overfondness for mere fashion in children; but my children will not be harmed yet; they are too young. That reminds me that I was reading, somewhere, that the education of children should be commenced as soon as they show that they observe anything. But every one has such excellent theories as to how children should be brought up! I reckon the theories never stand much practice! I know mine do not! I remember very distinctly, before I was married to George, when I visited sister Liz, I used to get so out of patience with her government, and think how I would do so and so, if I were the mother of her children. And now I don't do so and so with my own; though, really, I am glad mine are a little better disciplined than hers!"

"Ah, me! I wish half the people who preach to me as to what I should do, had to do it themselves! There is Mrs. Little, never had a chick or child in the world, to keep her up nights and be tended all day, harangued me as to the necessity of feeding baby at only regular hours, no matter how much he cries. Well, I tried it for a day and a half, until I was almost crazy with his incessant screaming, and the whole household was getting cross under it, and George wanted to have a doctor for fear the child was injuring himself; and then I just fed him when he cried! And I know Mrs. Little would have done it during the first day! Mother comes and says I ought never to punish Jessie, but just coax her; and that Willie should be ruled with love; aunt Marjory says my children are saucy, and self-willed, and will end up on the gallows, because I do not punish them enough! George says that when I tell them to do a thing, I should insist upon their doing it; but when I try to carry out that plan, he always begs:

"Oh, do let us have peace when I'm home. If you must have rows with the children, pray have them when I'm out of the house." Well, I let the matter drop there, and when I attempt to enforce my word next time, they are doubly obstinate. And I reprove Jessie for some saucy remark, and the next time she uses it George laughs at her. How is the child ever to be corrected at that rate of progression?"

"For my part, I think husbands should endorse every effort of their wives to maintain good discipline in the family, even if the efforts are, occasionally, mistakes. But they will not do it, because they hate a little bother and noise. I notice if Willie interrupts his father when he is reading, he gets reproved sharply enough; but if I reprove Willie for interrupting me while reading, George says I have no patience. No patience indeed! I wonder how much patience any father would exhibit who had to tend a baby and be worried with two tiny children night after night and day after day! But that is just like a man; think he knows all about children and women, too, when he takes care not to know much about either. Oh, well, I suppose my family will be as well brought up as most, and, indeed, a great deal better than many."

"I should not mind seeing the children of some very theoretical woman, however. I do wonder what they would be like. My private opinion is that even the most theoretical women find it a task beyond their control to bring up their children in strict accordance with their theories. And if such a thing could be once brought about, I'll venture to say the

children would be awfully pitiable, unlovable creatures. After all, my Jessie is as sweet a child as a mother need wish to have. To be sure, she talked rather saucy to Mrs. Propor the other day; but then Mrs. Propor is an old fuss, and she had no business to be telling my child what she ought to do, and I'm not very sorry that Jessie gave her a good answer. And Jessie does not always mind real well; but no child is inclined to mind, and Jessie does when she is made to. And though Willie is mischievous, one can shut things out of his way, and I can nearly always coax him to stop crying, shortly."

"Anyway, I'm glad I can bring up children better than Mrs. Kestrel, next door. Her Anna is just the most disobedient, and saucy, and self-willed child, I ever saw. I should not be at all surprised if Jessie would not be much improved by being forbidden to play with her. And—Oh! dear, there is the baby crying! I do not approve of it, but I think I will give him a dose of paregoric, just this once, to see if I cannot have one quiet night! I should never think of giving it incessantly, as some people do!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

BOYS.

It is rather an untrue assertion to state that all boys are mischievous and prone to do evil, because such is not the fact. I know there are some who seem to look upon boys as heathens, but their experience with them must have been rather strange. You state that boys stone cats, tie tin kettles to the caudal appendages of dogs, and will steal robins' eggs. I grant you that some do, but it strikes me these are exceptional cases, and I don't think they should be brought up against them as a class.

Perhaps you will tell me to look at Jesse Pomeroy and that youthful liar who endeavored to palm himself off as the genuine Charley Ross. I can't look at them and I wouldn't look at them if I could. They are too far away for me to do the first, and, as for the second, I don't think they would be very interesting objects to contemplate. We will let them alone and look upon the brighter side of the picture.

A Swedish lad residing in the Pine Tree State has, for one year and a half, walked to and from his work, a distance of nine miles. Some one commenting upon this says:—"Think of that, you boys who deem it such a trouble to get your mother a pail of water!" I echo his remark in wanting the boys to think of it because it is a very good thought and something in that boy's character should serve as an example.

But, about that pail of water. I know some boys are "awful" lazy concerning the getting of it; still, we grown folks are just as lazy in our movements in going about various occupations. Yet, it is no very pleasant work to go to the well of a cold day in February and find the bucket so fearfully Arctic that it benumbs one's hands to take hold of it—then the water is so low that the work is pretty hard—the filling of two pails—and probably as you near the house you slip on the ice, hurt your knees and spill the water, rendering it necessary to make that trot to the well again. I don't believe I'd feel very angelic myself, about that time, and my face might be drawn down when mother said, "Sonny, can't you get me a pail of water?"

Supposing you were in the midst of an entertaining story and were called off to attend to the getting of dinner—wouldn't you be inclined to think there was no such thing as dinner-getting? You can't blame a boy then for wishing all the water in the world was dried up when you interrupt his romantic reading with the somewhat prosaic remark of—"Come, sonny, won't you get me a pail of water to fill the tea kettle?"

Jesting aside. Did you ever think of the noble army of boys working on farms, in stores, and in workshops—many who are toiling all day and attending school in the evenings? These boys will be the men of the future, and it is our moral duty to encourage and assist them in all ways. Many of these boys would set an example to older heads in patience and perseverance. They are not mischievous; they have not the time to be, and I don't believe they have the inclination; yet they are fond of fun—fun is not all mischief, or even a part of it, always—and I don't blame them for it. I'd rather have them with spunk, spirit and vim than have them like the milk-and-water boys we read of in some of the senseless Sunday school books—creatures that only exist in the imagination of the author. I have a horror of these fearfully "good" boys, for they seem so unnatural. I am inclined to think they must be extremely lonesome because, of course, no one is good enough to associate with them, and to wander about with no associates can be no pleasant.

If some boys swear or drink I think it is because they have learned to do so from older persons. If fathers are addicted to finishing up their own can't blame the children from following their example. Parents, when you are correcting your boys, just see if you do not need some correction yourself. Bear with some of their faults as you expect to be borne with in some of yours. If boys are not models of perfection can parents say they are perfect themselves?

Now, boys, I think you have been "snubbed" quite enough and it is high time some one's pen wrote in your behalf. I haven't said much, but what I have said I have heartily felt. When people are clamoring for "men's rights" and "women's rights" why don't they advocate "boys' rights?"

Boys, you work hard, and strive to do the best you can, and you need more credit for what you do. Keep on the right path, and don't swerve from it, and, while you are helping yourselves along, don't forget to extend the helping hand to some brother who is in the wrong path or has fallen by the wayside.

EYE LAWLESS.

Foolsap Papers.

On Early Rising.

EARLY to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and—terribly cross all day. It was this getting up in the mornings that has ruined me from boyhood. I wouldn't be half as aged if I had been allowed to finish my last dream in the mornings when I was a boy.

I never had yeast powder enough in me to make me get up of my own accord before breakfast. It is all very nice to get up and see the sun rise, but I always thought that one or two sights of this singular phenomenon was sufficient, at least for me.

The early bird will catch the early worm, but if the early worm wasn't a fool it would stay in its little bed and not come out. That's the way I look at that; and besides, who wants to get up and go out into the damp and dig for fish-worms, and fish for a bad bronchitis?

The sun will rise whether I rise or not, so I can't see the use of me getting up to assist it,

with my eyes so full of sleep that the lids won't obey orders.

Who desires anybody to rise early and go stamping around the house waking everybody up? It is not in my ten commandments. It is well enough to go to bed early, but getting up early is a little too much for one night.

Nature has given us sleep, and rather than detract from it I would add to it—I'm a liberal and generous soul.

Someday has said that sixteen hours of sleep is too much, where is that man?

When old Ben Franklin invented early rising he did it just for the sake of turning a rhyme; and I'll bet five dollars of your own money that old Ben slept while he made his boys get up.

A man may live a little more by getting up early, but I don't think he will live as long, for there is just so much sleep in a person, and it has got to come out.

If a man sleeps twelve hours it is very evident he will have but twelve hours to worry and trouble himself over his cares, and that is a great blessing.

I once read of a man who got up early, started to cross a creek on a log and was drowned. That is the reason I have sworn off getting up early.

Most of our men go down-town after the early drink are early risers, and it is a dreadful habit.

A man who don't wake up until after he gets his breakfast don't consume so much provender.

I know a man who was always up by daylight, and he eventually died before he was fifty, and I always laid it to that.

I never liked to wake up until it is perfectly light enough to see how to open my eyes.

If I desire to leave on the four o'clock train I always leave orders to be waked promptly at nine o'clock, and then go on the next train.

When I see a man getting up so very early I always think he is trying to take some advantage of his neighbor who innocently sleeps.

My mind is never clear until I get all the sleep out of it—say at ten o'clock the next morning.

My father used to get me out of my early bed with a stick, and he didn't use it as a pry either, though it made me roll—out. He rather set me against getting up too soon.

I would always rather do my early rising by proxy, if it cost me something; my wife gets up early enough for both of us.

If I should happen to be routed out of bed early it takes me several hours to gape open, yawn and stretch the nap off me before I am able to go to work, and my work's very light.

I work as much at nothing as I can, and put a good deal of interest in it.

I never know how dreadful much I weigh until I try to get myself up a little too early, and then I find I am too heavy to lift myself up out of bed.

It may make a man wealthy, but then I never thought money was much of an object to me when I was asleep.

My neighbor can get up as early as he wants to, for I know I shall never get up early enough to try to prevent him.

If the folks want to call me to an early breakfast I have instructed them to ring a vigorous hand-bell without any clapper in it just outside of my door.

I have lost money by being waked early—I have frequently been dreaming of being about to receive some countless sums when some one hammered on my door before I got a cent of it in my pocket; of course this has made me mad and disagreeable all day.

I lie in bed for economy's sake—the longer I sleep the less shoes and clothes I wear out. I was routed out so early this morning that I thought it was day before yesterday, and I wanted to go to bed and sleep till day after tomorrow.

I never could see why they couldn't have the mornings longer than any other time of the day, or put more minutes into an hour.

In winter my head clinches on the pillow so strong that it is impossible to rise up, and my wife saves a good deal of growling by letting me sleep. In fact I never prefer to get up till the next day at any time. Drowsily.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORSE.

Topics of the Time.

—Weston, the pedestrian, has had a varied experience in Europe. Owing to able management he was financially successful at the outset in England. The profits of his first exhibition are said to have been from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and he was thought the chief subject of talk in London. Then his best performances were outdone in a contest of amateurs, and he was advised that his harvest of money was over; but he persists in walking more. His business manager has parted company with him, and he is likely to lose all he has made.

—As everybody is now talking about silver, we may say that, according to the latest statistics, the production of silver in the whole world in 1870 was \$35,000,000, which rose in 1871 to \$42,000,000, in 1872 to \$47,500,000, and in 1873 to about \$62,500,000. The production of this precious metal during the year 1873 is subdivided as follows: England and its colonies, \$10,000,000; Norway, Sweden and Denmark, \$250,000; Russia, \$500,000; Austria, \$1,630,000; Germany, \$3,000,000; France, \$2,000,000; Spain, \$2,000,000; Sardinia, \$500,000; Mexico, \$30,000,000; Central and South America, \$5,000,000; Canada, \$300,000; the United States, \$36,500,000, which gives a total of \$85,250,000.

—The latest number of *The American Journal of Science and Arts* contains a highly interesting paper on Dinitroparadibrombenzols and their derivatives, on Menonitroparadibrombenzols, on Alphanitroparadibrombenzols, and on Natriumhydrate solution's action on the Alphanitrobenzobrombenzols, producing as it does a Nitro-bromphenol! In the experiments which led to the adoption of these Aristophanesian words, "a violent action set in, during which it was found advisable to remove the burners." We are not surprised. The brains of these scientists must resemble Castle soap—so mottled, variegated, twisted, grotesque, labyrinthine that the dictionary makers may well run away from them in horror.

—To furnish the ivory which is imported into England alone, fifty thousand elephants have to be killed every year. The best ivory comes from Zanzibar, the product of the African elephant. It is opaque, soft, easy to work, and free from cracks and other defects. That from Ambiz, the Gaboon river, and south of the equator, is called "silver gray," it remains white and never becomes yellow, as is the case with the Asiatic ivory; it is, therefore, the most valuable of any ivory in the market. The tusks from Siam are translucent, and being soft grained, are preferred for ornamental work. The fossil tusks of the mammoths found in the Arctic regions and Siberia, form a not inconsiderable amount of the ivory trade; some of these tusks are in as fine condition for working as the very best of modern ivory, which is very remarkable, as some of these elephants or mammoths have been preserved in an ice crust, and have remained imbedded for unknown ages, probably since the glacial period—some one hundred and fifty thousand years ago. If this is so, it goes to show that the change of temperature took place rapidly in a then tropical climate, where these animals previously flourished, and overtaking them suddenly, and covering them with an ice-crust, were the causes of their perfect preservation.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Blind Man's Ruse;" "How It Came About;" "A New Hat;" "The Last of the Belles;" "Old Joe Bunker's Yarn."

Declined: "Wanted;" "The Chief's Pledge;" "How Two and One Made Four;" "A Sensible Crime;" "Miss Susan's Dumb Waiter;" "Many and Many;" "Six Years of Roses."

S. A. B. We now have another serial story by the author named.

G. D. L. The story named is not one of ours—hence cannot be reprinted.

C. C. T. No authentic census ever taken of Yeddo. London is probably the larger by one third.

NEW CONTRIBUTOR. See the recipe in a previous number for the hair lotion required.

REAR X. Insects are preserved merely by pinning them and drying in boxes or cases.

S. J. G. Obtain list of the post-offices in the country—then write to each post-master if such a person is in his vicinity, and inclose in the letter a postal-card for his reply. That probably will obtain the information.

YOUNG GYMNAST. Use dumb-bells according to your strength—starting with light weights, say six pounds—increasing gradually to ten or twelve, and never exercise soon after a meal, nor exercise too much at a time.

FRANZ. Poem hardly up to standard. Sentiment is good, but the utterance not poetry.

K. A. T. Any newswoman who company will supply the best—Too much night is not a desirable, nor is it to most frames or constitutions desirable to bathe in winter, in cold water. Persons rarely grow after twenty years of age. Your height is just medium, and weight good.

MISS MISCHIEF. Your aunt's surveillance may be annoying, but take no offense; she has no motive but that of watchfulness over you, and we are to remember that. It is not improper, perhaps, to have your company stay late in the evening, but inconsiderate. Your lover ought always to leave before eleven o'clock.

MISS KATE A. We prefer not to quote your note asking for a correspondent. It would surely provoke answers and lead you into trouble, mortification, and perhaps disaster. A widow, having irreproachable character, beauty, good temper, and a fine property, would excite the cupid of any adventurer and scallawag wanting just these things; and no one at all conversant with the ways of the world would desire to see a good but unsophisticated woman made the prey of adventurers and speculators in the marriage market. Do not take the method proposed to obtain a husband, and we assure you it is full of hazard of several kinds that a really honest and candid lady will be very wise to avoid.

FRANK C. R. Manuscripts are submitted to publishers for their examination, and when they are paid the work in book form they then give their terms—usually ten per cent. on price, or ten per cent. on price after first one thousand are disposed of, and they assuming all expenses. Other terms than these are special terms, to be arranged by contract between publisher and author. As to contributions to the weekly papers, accepted manuscript is not to be returned at time of use. If paid for on acceptance it is by special request or understanding. You have no right to republish such matter, as the copyright is vested in the publisher of the paper. To use such matter you must obtain his consent.

TOM HARDIE asks: "If I go to a base-ball match, as a player, and take a lady along with me, and get hurt, so that my face is not particularly handsome, ought she to take offense if I don't go home with her, but give her in charge of another gentleman?" If you were very badly hurt the lady should not take offense at your making some further arrangement for her safety and comfort; but if able so to do, you should first submit the matter to the lady herself and ask her permission to make the desired change of arrangements.

JIMMIE WARREN asks: "Can you tell me of any cure for the neuralgia? Do you think when a man is thirty-five he is too old to change his business? What are the proper hours for making an evening call, and at what time should the gentleman leave? The surest remedy for neuralgia of which we have ever heard, and which is advised by all the physicians of various schools, is a course of Turkish (hot air) baths. But where this is not available, the following remedy, advised by a noted German physician, may be tried: Gather the leaves of the common thistle; macerate a portion of leaves, and use as a poultice on parts affected. Also, in a quart of water put a small quantity of alkali, and stir down to a pint. Drink a small wine-glass full of the decoction before each meal. It is a remedy simple and easily tried, and is said to be effectual. We do not think that a man of thirty-five is too old, under many circumstances, to change his business. Still, it is worth while to remember that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and if you are stones gather no more. From eight to nine o'clock is the usual hour for paying an evening call, except in country villages, where very primitive hours are kept; then it is better to go a little earlier. From an hour to two hours is quite long enough for an evening call.

INA R. V. TROY, writes: "Do tell me what are 'iced currants' also, what are 'diamonds' also? Can an onyx ring, set with diamonds, be worn as an engagement ring? When a young lady is engaged, is she obliged to allow her lover to kiss her? Iced-currants is a delicious dish, and is a variety of class of various schools, is a course of Turkish (hot air) baths. But where this is not available, the following remedy, advised by a noted German physician, may be tried: Gather the leaves of the common thistle; macerate a portion of leaves, and use as a poultice on parts affected. Also, in a quart of water put a small quantity of alkali, and stir down to a pint. Drink a small wine-glass full of the decoction before each meal. It is a remedy simple and easily tried, and is said to be effectual. We do not think that a man of thirty-five is too old, under many circumstances, to change his business. Still, it is worth while to remember that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and if you are stones gather no more. From eight to nine o'clock is the usual hour for paying an evening call, except in country villages, where very primitive hours are kept; then it is better to go a little earlier. From an hour to two hours is quite long enough for an evening call.

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FAIRMORSE LASSIE. Do not make your "two pretty

HEART FROM HEART.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Give me your hand and let us part,
For parting is a pain at best;
Oh, 'tis anguish to know the heart
Must pine for eye and know no rest.

The pathos of your voice is sweet,
But on my ear falls like a knell.
My sadness, too, is now complete,
For you have said your last farewell.

Your eyes now brimming o'er with tears,
Show me that you foretaste the pain
That sorrow gives in coming years,
Through which we would not live again.

Here are your letters, I have mine;
You sent them to me yesterday.
The pang they gave can ne'er by time
Be healed, or wiped for eye away.

But to part with yours is taking
That which is more than life to me.
They gave joy, but now are breaking
My bleeding heart with agony.

Oh, how fondly in my day-dreams
I read their perfumed pages o'er,
With cheeks aglow and eyes whose beams
The love-light of their contents wore.

Each flower is there they once contained,
Pansies, forget-me-nots—the rose
You sent me last, my tears have rained
On, I forgot not to enclose.

Take them, though I waver, falter,
For they are of your love a part.
Oh, my life, how it will alter,
For fate has torn us heart from heart!

The Men of '76.

WILLIAM, LORD STIRLING,
The American Patriot Earl.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, though American born, was the rightful inheritor of the Earldom of Stirling, in Scotland. Heirs to the earldom failing in Great Britain, he assumed the title, though he never authenticated his claims to the property, in legal form.

His father, James Alexander, having participated in the ill fortunes of "the Pretender," had to abandon the kingdom to escape arrest for high treason; so he took refuge in the colony of New York, in the year 1716. In a short period, by his family influence, he became Secretary of the Province, and being a man of fine attainments, soon obtained entrance in the colony, in whose political, social and intellectual progress he took the deepest interest. He was the correspondent with many of the men of science and learning in Great Britain; and was, with Franklin and others, founder of the American Philosophical Society. He married a widow, whose remarkable business talent had made her prominent in the commerce of New York and added largely to her wealth, so that William—born in New York in 1726—had every advantage of education the colony could bestow—the father himself being his tutor in the exact sciences. Early in life William became assistant to his mother; then her partner; and having obtained a contract to supply the army of General Shirley, operating against the savages on the Canadian border, he joined the commissariat of that army, but was soon added to Shirley's own staff, as aide-camp and private secretary. In this capacity he served for three campaigns, and thus learned much of military life, for which he betrayed great aptitude. When Shirley was recalled, charged with bad administration of affairs, his secretary went with him to London, and by his excellent exposition of accounts, correspondence and transactions, at his examination before the bar of the House of Commons (April, 1757), he relieved the general and won for himself a large circle of influential friends.

He then essayed to establish his claim to the earldom of Stirling, and did so in fact but had not done so fully in law and form, when he was recalled to America by the death of his mother, whose great property he inherited. Having, some years before, married the eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, by her he obtained a very large landed estate, so that he was, both by wealth, position, and education, one of the most influential men in the province. Having succeeded his admirable father as surveyor-general of New Jersey, he pursued his profession and studies with zeal—attempting a large map of North America, making astronomical observations and tables, working to secure government aid and endowments to Kings (now Columbia) College, and, like his father, doing much to encourage the pursuits of science. His father having acquired and willed to him an extensive landed estate in West Jersey, he built a fine residence at Baskin Ridge, and it became his residence, where he, as one of the great proprietors of the colony, dispensed an almost princely hospitality.

Lord Stirling, from the inefficiency of differences between crown and colonies, sustained the colonial cause, and when the offensive Stamp Act was proclaimed, immediately set the example, as proprietor, of dispensing with the stamped paper on contracts and conveyances without prejudice to validity and title. It was a defiance of the act, prompt and decisive. Then he worked for its repeal, and, using all his now great influence in Great Britain, did very much to secure its abolition.

His position of course made him a marked man, and when the crisis came the people of his county looked to him for counsel. He responded to the news from Lexington by immediately opening an office for recruits to a regiment, of which he was elected colonel; but Congress having named him to command one of the two regiments ordered in New Jersey for the Continental army, his transfer from the militia to the general service was accepted by most of his officers and recruits, and, after a hasty trip to Philadelphia, reported his regiment ready for the field, fully equipped. Taking position at Elizabeth, he gave ample protection to vessels driven thither by British cruisers.

In January the regiment was ordered to New York city; but, before going, performed an exploit that well indicated the spirit of the men. A British transport, well laden with stores and munitions for the British army in Boston, was reported as at Sandy Hook waiting for convoy. Stirling immediately proceeded to Perth Amboy, seized a pilot-boat, filled her with his men; three other small vessels were also pressed into service; he put to sea just as night fell, and found the transport twenty miles off, and before her single-shot gun could be brought to bear on the boarders, she was their prize. They brought her safely into Amboy, while the British ship of war "Asia," and her tender, lay in full view at anchor just within the Narrows. For this act Congress passed one of its first votes of thanks, and, March 4th, he was commissioned brigadier-general—the commission being accompanied with a highly complimentary letter from the President of Congress.

Proceeding to New York, where Lee was in command, he was senior officer when Lee was sent to the South, and thus for a season held

chief command in New York city. The danger of a British occupancy of the city was felt by all, and Stirling acted with commendable resolution. Additional troops were called for from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, proper points in and around New York were fortified—soldiers and citizens working zealously together—and every means taken to secure the city from surprise or seizure. Washington wrote him from Cambridge: "The fate of this campaign, and of course the fate of America, depends on you and the army under your command, should the enemy attempt your quarter."

Lord Stirling, relieved for a short time of command in the city by his senior, Brig. Gen'l Thompson, proceeded to erect batteries at various surrounding and defensive points on the Jersey side, but soon returned to New York, again to take chief command—Thompson being ordered to the Canadian expedition.

How the American army, having driven the British from Boston, hastened to New York, we have recorded [see sketches of Washington, Putnam, and Greene]. Lord Stirling, in the assignment of commands for defending New York, took the American right of the entrenched works on Long Island, where it was supposed Sir William Howe would make his most vigorous assault.

General Grant—afterward so noted in the war—held the British left, with five thousand and disciplined troops—two brigades, one regiment of Highlanders, and two companies of New York "Provincials" (renegades and Tories, with which Long Island literally swarmed, and from whom the enemy received all necessary information). Stirling's force was only about two thousand—Maryland, Delaware, and Connecticut regiments, with Atlee's rifle corps and Kichline's Pennsylvania musketeers as advance guard.

Grant's movement really was a feint to cover Howe's designs upon the east end of the American line, where Sullivan commanded. [See sketch of Sullivan.] This feint struck Atlee, early on the morning of Aug. 27th, and drove him in upon the Governor's road, when Stirling formed his line of battle, stretching from Governor's Bay to the Flatbush road—his center being on what is now known as Battle Hill, in Greenwood Cemetery. Of this center, composed of Maryland and Delaware men, he took command in person, planting on the hill two field-pieces, whose well-served fire, backed by Kichline's riflemen, soon arrested Grant's apparent advance. For six hours very sharp line firing followed, and the feint was so fiercely pressed, that Putnam, in general field command, believed that Howe's design was to force the line at that point. This view of matters was confirmed by Grant's reception of two additional regiments, at ten o'clock, from the fleet; whereupon Stirling ordered forward all his reserves, to defend Battle Hill to the last extremity, before retiring behind Gowanus creek.

With the arrival of his reinforcements came the signal from Howe, far to the east (about eleven o'clock, A. M.)—two guns fired in rapid succession. It meant, "Grant, advance!" De Heister, with his Hessians, already had engaged Sullivan. Grant immediately dashed forward. Atlee's men, out on the skirmish line, were all (two hundred and thirty-five) killed or made prisoners. Then the Connecticut regiment, holding the Gowanus road, was literally overwhelmed. At the same time, the Hessians, having carried the Flatbush road, came streaming in on Stirling's left and rear, and pushed on to seize the old Cortelyou house, which commanded the Gowanus creek bridge.

The situation was indeed critical. His entire command was lost if he could not temporarily hold the enemy where they were. Acting quickly, he chose one-half of his regiment of young Marylanders—many of them mere boys—and ordering all else of his force to retreat over the adjacent swamp to and over the creek, he marched with his three hundred, literally into the jaws of death—down upon the enemy, at the Cortelyou house, to engage Cornwallis there while the flying men were making their way over the creek. It was a dread alternative, but, headed by Stirling, the Marylanders walked "into the breach" to save the others. Five charges were made from a protecting hill in a bend of the road, upon Cornwallis's position. Once the very cannoniers were shot or sabered at their guns by the desperate Americans. Down the little band went under the awful fire from the house and the Hessians on the hillside, until only a mere handful were left; then they could charge no more.

They had laid down their lives to save their comrades; this accomplished, the remnant dashed away for the creek. Stirling, mounting his horse, rode back along the hills until he came up with De Heister, to whom he delivered his sword. He would not surrender to an Englishman. Of the three hundred, two hundred and fifty-six never again answered the roll-call.

Stirling was treated with great respect and immediately conveyed to a vessel-of-war, where he met Sullivan and others—prisoners.

He was soon exchanged. Congress, for his splendid action on the 27th, having promoted him to the Major-General's grade, he rejoined Washington's army in his sad retreat from New York, across New Jersey, was a participant, as well as in the operations in New Jersey in the winter (1776-7) after the gallant strokes at Trenton. His field services as advance guard, to watch and confront the enemy, were invaluable, and the numerous occasions, when his vigilance and pertinacious bravery gave the British a realizing sense of his efficiency, form exciting pages in the story of 1777.

When Howe was confronted by the American army at Brandywine creek, Stirling's division was assigned the American right and behaved with credit. [See account of this battle in sketches of Greene, Lafayette, Wayne and Sullivan.] Taking position above Philadelphia, Stirling's division was ever on the alert. It was the reserve in the brilliant battle of Germantown, and called into action near its close, behaved with splendid spirit.

Stirling was quartered at Reading during the winter of 1777-78. At his table the busybody, General Wilkinson, conveying dispatches from Gates to Congress, revealed something of the scheme hatching by Gates' friends to dispossess Washington of the chief command. This information Lord Stirling conveyed to the Commander-in-chief—much to Wilkinson's annoyance, for the revelation developed the full designs of the "Conway Cabal," and thus contributed to its defeat. Wilkinson's wounded honor impelled him to threaten to challenge Stirling, but a dignified note from his lordship satisfied his wounded sensibilities—especially as Stirling was quite willing to give him "satisfaction" of another kind, if he should ask for it.

In the almost disaster at Monmouth, occasioned by Lee's retreat [see sketches of Washington and Lafayette], Lord Stirling's division gave Cornwallis his first severe check; then Greene's division came in, with Knox's artillery, and Wayne's brigade, and the great battle of Monmouth was virtually won.

In the disposition that followed (1778) he was given the post of watchfulness at Elizabeth. Several daring exploits by his troops—the dash into Paulus Hook and the raid on Staten Island—attested his ready enterprise, and kept his enemy from marauds in New Jersey. In 1779 he removed with his division to Pompton, ready, on instant notice, to move north, to West Point, or upon the country below, if the enemy in New York city should move in either direction. In 1780 Stirling's command was not called upon for severe service, as the seat of war had moved to the South. He visited his ruined estate at Baskin Ridge only to find that in serving his country he had lost almost everything an enemy could destroy. In 1781 he was given command in the north, to confront St. Leger's invasion from Canada. St. Leger never got below Lake George. Then Stirling returned to take command in New Jersey, with headquarters at Philadelphia (1780-81). Again (1782) he went north to repel invasions from Canada, and though no hostilities ensued, it was an arduous season of watchfulness and work. Exposure brought on an attack of gout, from which he died, at Albany, January 16th, 1783.

News of Lord Stirling's death was everywhere received with deep regret. Washington's announcement of the event, to Congress, was in most appropriate terms, and the resolutions passed by Congress well expressed the high estimate which that august body placed upon his patriotism, services and sacrifices. Washington's letter of condolence to the widow was a touching utterance—reflecting high honor on the living chief and the soldier who died, "an honorable example of a man, counting nothing of value in comparison with the sacred maintenance of his principles, and sinking every selfish consideration in the one strong and controlling feeling of an ardent patriotism."

Black Eyes and Blue;

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

TOO LATE!

MR. REDMOND RHODES—a man eminently cautious, reserved, exclusive and haughty—began to feel that he had made a goose of himself at the very least, as he found himself alone in one of the two gloomy rooms he had been so rash as to take, more out of compassion for the little proprietress than because he any longer expected anything to come of it to the advantage of the unfortunate young lady who had appealed to him for assistance.

He had ordered a fire to be made in the ancient fireplace, and an extra wax taper or two to be placed on the shelf above it; so that he was not as dreary as he might have been; still the old place contrasted unfavorably with the gayly-furnished rooms of the grand hotel where he should have been.

"It is not often I get betrayed into an adventure so thoroughly Quixotic as this," he murmured, more than half-vexed, as he sat in a great chair, covered with moldering leather, before the small but cheerful fire. "If I am mistaken in my surmise I shall have made a most egregious fool of myself in telegraphing to Madame D'Eglantine. Why did I not ask the girl's name? Then I should not have been acting on an uncertainty."

"Poor thing! She asked me, in that note, for poison! Would I contrive to get her some? A most piteous appeal! No wonder, after all, that I felt bound to follow and interfere in her behalf."

"What a face is hers!—so pure, so delicate, young and sweet. The most wonderfully lovely, seraphic face I ever saw!—not dark, vivid, glowing, enchanting like hers whom Fraser Harold married only to neglect, I fear—not a face like that, to dazzle and infatuate a man, to wile him out of his cooler judgment and win him on to all sorts of rashness—not a face like little Florence's—but so sweet, spiritual. It would appeal to any man who was truly a man of honor and chivalry. So why should I be ashamed of the impulse which urged me to follow and try to help her! Heaven knows I would tramp the streets of this city all night if I had the faintest hope of obtaining a clue to her whereabouts."

He stared into the fire, seeing pictured there the appealing eyes which had turned to him that day—seeing the delicately-rounded chin, the rosy, trembling mouth, the peasant's dress, the little feet in the big shoes—thinking of the despairing request of the poor maiden, for poison to put an end to her innocent life, before it should be soiled by contact with that miserable old rowe into whose arms an unnatural father was forcing her.

"I cannot sleep. I wish I knew what to do in her behalf," he muttered, rising to his feet, and walking up and down in front of the hearth in great agitation. "If it were my own sister I could hardly feel more concerned."

He pulled out his watch—the hands marked eleven.

At that moment a knock sounded at his door. He hastened to open it. The proprietress stood there, fidgeting, embarrassed.

"There is a lady wishes to see monsieur. I know not if it be proper—" the speaker was thrust aside and the peasant-girl of the boat stood before him, transformed into an elegant young lady, dressed in light silk, but hatless, gloved, with a traveling-shawl only thrown on over her rich dress—a young lady pale as she would be in her coffin, panting, wild-eyed, but struggling to keep up an appearance of calmness, lest this woman should say, with others, that she was mad.

"Sir," she cried, addressing Redmond, quickly, "did you do what I asked of you? Have you the poison ready to give me? Ah, if you have it not," shrinking and trembling, "go bring it to me. You must not refuse me! I got away from them. But they will discover my absence in a few minutes and will overtake me."

"My dear child," answered Redmond, taking her two cold hands, "I dare not do what you ask of me. I should be *particeps criminis* to a murder. Impossible! But I will protect you, with my life if need be."

"You have no power. My own mother could not prevent my father from taking possession of me. How then can you? He will be here in a few minutes, and then I have the choice of marriage, in the morning, with that odious baronet, or of a life passed in some madhouse to which my mother will never be able to trace me. Death, surely, were preferable to either of these—why keep it from me? You are cruel—cruel!" and she burst into tears.

"No, I am not cruel. But I am not as excited as you are. Give me your name, address, something of your history; so that I can find your father. Refuse to marry the baron.

Your father will find it impossible to hide you in a mad-house in a country so well-regulated as this. I will put your friends on the track—only give me their names—" he took out his tablets and waited for her to speak.

"My adopted father is Mr. Vernon of Lycurgus, New Hampshire; but he is now somewhere with my mother, who has a divorce from my father and goes by her own family name of D'Eglantine—the two are searching for me, I have no doubt."

"Nor I!" exclaimed Mr. Rhodes, cheerfully, "they came over, with me, in the Germania, landing three days ago. They are looking for you. I sent a telegram to Baden this evening to Madame D'Eglantine, saying that I believed you to be the daughter of whom she was in search, and to come on as quickly as possible. Still, she may not be in Baden; the message may not reach her. Yet it will comfort you to know that it cannot be many days before she overtakes you; and you have my assurance that you shall be immured in no asylum, or other dark place, without my knowledge. If I cannot protect your father doing as he pleases I can put detectives on his movements, so that his steps will be all known to your mother. So, now, my dear girl, be of good cheer; defy the hideous old baron; let your father persecute you as he may for it; he will be watched and not allowed to do you serious harm."

All this time the proprietress stood, glaring uneasily at the couple, unable to understand their language, but certain that something startling was transpiring, and afraid for the reputation of her old tumble-down house. Mr. Rhodes comprehended her trepidation. He realized, too, that this was no place for the young lady to remain over night, should it be that her father failed to look for her.

"Madame," said he to the woman, in French, "have you no quiet, respectable female friend with whom this young lady can take refuge for the night, without being compromised? I will answer for it that you are well paid for your trouble; and your friend, also. Money is no object. Mademoiselle desires to escape a suitor whom her father favors; you saw him—the ugly old baron?"

"Yes," said the proprietress, with a laugh, "tis no wonder mademoiselle flies from such a lover—ah, bah!" shrugging her shoulders. "I can provide her with lodging where she will be secure—but, monsieur must know it is not my business to get myself into trouble!" with another shrug.

"Tell her my mother will make her rich for life," murmured Violet, hastily, "if she will only promise—Oh, what is that?" and she began to scream and to run to the further end of the room.

Up the dim staircase, with a great flaring of lights, came the father, the ancient lover and two *gens d'armes*—enough, in all conscience, to secure one poor, trembling girl. The flame of the candles they bore flashed out over the malicious smile on the parent's face, and the anxious little grin and frown on that of the old mildred, whose whole wicked soul was stirred by the fear of losing a young, beautiful wife whose estates stretched far and broad under the sunny skies of France.

"This is the abductor of my daughter—arrest her," commanded Ethan Goldsborough in his broken German, pointing to Mr. Rhodes; and the *gens d'armes* immediately laid a strong clasp on both of Redmond's arms.

In vain the prisoner expostulated and explained; the fellows had their orders from the chief, and dare not disobey them. A stranger, like Redmond, was at a terrible disadvantage with an enemy like Sir Israel, who had lived years in the country, who was known everywhere as a rich mildred, and was familiar with all the processes of the law. He had managed the affair, and stood by, grinning, like the ancient Lucifer he was, while Mr. Rhodes strove to convince the men that they were all wrong—would be punished—that the consul of the port should know, say, the United States minister. These soldiers were but machines who did the bidding of others; they shook their heads gravely, said nothing, pulled and pushed their prisoner along; while the proprietress, all her sympathies reversed by the sight of the *gens d'armes*, wrung her hands, volubly urging her lodger to go peaceably, and not ruin a poor widow by quarreling in her house with the soldiers.

And so our fastidious Redmond Rhodes, who avoided everything sensational as he would avoid the small-pox, passed the remainder of the night in a dreary room of the city-prison.

He was angry and mortified. "This pays me for meddling in other people's affairs!"

But his feeling of humiliation for himself was nothing compared with the anxiety, the positive wretchedness he felt in being hindered from doing anything for Miss D'Eglantine. Every moment of the night he saw the look of terror in her eyes when he was dragged away. He counted the hours, the minutes, until his miserable breakfast was brought to him. He had an appeal ready—scrawled on an old letter—to the United States consul, asking him to come immediately and interfere in his behalf; and this he gave to the attendant who brought his meal, accompanied by a gold piece which made the fellow's eyes glisten, and an order to have the message sent without delay.

He expected a visit from the consul within an hour—or two, at the furthest—for the references he had given as to his position at home were such that personage would not be apt to slight; but the whole morning crawled on at a snail's pace; noon came, with its dinner of bread and cabbage soup; but no consul. The jailer swore that the letter had been delivered; that the consul had promised to come immediately; that he had no idea why he had not kept his promise. The *truth* was that bribery had been at work outside, and the energetic appeal of the prisoner still reposed in the jailer's pocket.

"When shall I have my call to appear before the court, then?"

"Some time to-day; it cannot be long now." The whole day passed, darkness fell, and the prisoner had not been summoned before the civil authorities. Cool and well-governed as was the temper of Mr. Rhodes, he was in a fever of anger and despair by bedtime—anger for himself, despair for the lovely girl whom he had failed to help. How powerless she must be to resist the will of those two men, since he had so easily been trapped! His tortured imagination pictured her in two scenes, constantly—in one, she was the doomed bride of the grinning baronet—in the other, a corpse, slain by her own hand to escape that doom. The thought of Madame D'Eglantine added to his uneasiness.

And so the second sleepless night wore itself slowly away. About ten o'clock of the second day his prison door opened, the *gens d'armes* waited to conduct him before the magistrate, where, as the complainants did not appear, there was no case against him, and he was soon dismissed. Mr. Rhodes knew his accusers would fail to appear; doubtless they were many miles from there be-

fore this—and their unhappy victim with them; as soon as he was free, he hurried to the consul's office to demand, indignantly, the reason for his letter having been neglected. He had just learned that it had never been received, when a lady walked into the office, and throwing her veil from her face, revealed the delicate, high-bred features of Madame D'Eglantine.

When she saw Mr. Rhodes she uttered a half-suppressed cry, rushed to him and wrung his hand.

"Where is Violet—where is my child?" she eagerly demanded.

"Alas! I would that I could inform you, Madame D'Eglantine! I am horribly afraid those villains have succeeded in making you and your daughter, miserable for life. You must hear this lady's story, and give us what aid you can," continued Redmond, turning to the consul, who very willingly listened to what they had to say, promising all the assistance in his power; but very dubious as to his power to afford any under the circumstances.

While the three were anxiously consulting together, a messenger came into the room, inquired for Monsieur Rhodes, and handed him a sealed envelope.

Redmond hastily tore it open; a slip of paper fell out. He picked it up, and read, written in a cramped, trembling hand, which he took to be that of the baronet:

"If Monsieur Rhodes wishes to ease his mind let him consult the register in the church of St. Joseph's."

"They are married! That is what he means?" shrieked the unhappy mother. "Where is this church? Let us fly to it at once and put an end to this terrible suspense."

"Perhaps she is dead!" thought Redmond, but did not say it.

The consul hunted in the directory for the address of the church, while Mr. Rhodes called a carriage.

In five minutes he, with Madame D'Eglantine, pale as a corpse, silent as a corpse, beside him, was being driven rapidly in the direction of St. Joseph's.

It was a Protestant church; but the sexton was in the vestibule.

"Was there a marriage—or a funeral—in this church yesterday?" hastily inquired Redmond.

"There were two marriages and three funerals," answered the man, looking at him as if he doubted his sanity.

"May we look at the records?" was the next question, accompanied by a thrust into the sexton's hand of that key which unlocks most doors—the key of gold.

"Follow me," said the man, leading the way through the solemn aisles of the dim cathedral, and on into a small room to the right of the grand altar, where he opened a large book which lay on a high desk, and pointed to the last page of writing.

Redmond made way for the lady he conducted, who bent a moment, with white cheeks and strained eyes over the volume, then pointed with her finger, looked up into the kind face bending above her, with a glance of hopeless, dim misery, tried to murmur the words which her lips refused to form, and slid down to his feet, fainting under the shock.

He raised her on his arm, and looked at the page, where she had pointed—there was the register of the marriage of Violet Goldsborough, daughter of Ethan Goldsborough, of the United States, to Sir Israel Benjamin, baronet, of England. The signatures were appended—were authentic, beyond a doubt; he recognized both the cramped hand of the baronet, and the delicate, tremulous chirography of the girl who had written him the note on board the steamer.

CHAPTER XX.

"LIFE, LIVED AND OVER, IN HALF A YEAR."

"By Narcissus, Apollo, and all the other lovely youths of fable, that's a gloriously handsome boy who has attached himself to your service, Harold!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen of Fraser Harold's company, as they one day jogged along, under the red November sun of the misty and amethystine Indian summer, over an endless prairie, covered with the short, coarse buffalo-grass which gave food to the huge creatures of whom they were in pursuit. "A gloriously handsome boy! He reminds me of the pages who followed the knights in the old, romantic days of chivalry."

"Yes," answered Fraser, throwing a backward glance at the lad who rode behind him on a stout little mustang, whose proportions seemed in keeping with his small, slender rider, "he is an uncommonly pretty little chap. Not much use, however. He begged so hard to be allowed to accompany us that I did not think it worth while to deny him. How such a flower of a boy happened to grow up in Kansas is a mystery. I did not believe he could keep up with us, riding all day as we do. I hope to take him safe back to his mother in Leavenworth."

"Melted diamonds could be no brighter than his eyes! Wouldn't he be a heart-smasher among your Eastern girls?"

"His eyes remind me of my—of a young lady's in whom I was interested not long ago," said Fraser, and then he added, "Heigho!" and looked sentimental for a full minute.

"Perhaps that is the reason of your allowing him to follow you."

"Perhaps—yes, hardly. That little affair with the lady is off, you know; and once we let them go the more completely the better."

"Aw, certainly," responded the English swell; "it is cruel kindness to keep them dangling, you know—better cut the golden cord at one fell stroke. I've served too many that way," and he stroked his mutton-chops with one hand, the other being engaged with the rein.

Every word of this edifying conversation fell on the acute ears of the boy who rode a few paces behind. The speakers would have been astonished had they observed how it affected him.

At first a deep flush had mounted into his swarthy cheeks; this was followed by a livid paleness as Harold spoke lightly of the "affair being off;" a glow, like that of a dagger in the sun, leaped into his black eyes at the remaining sentences.

He was, indeed, a handsome boy, looking about fifteen, but small for his age—slight, graceful; with crisp little black curls all over his head, small features, fine, dark, expressive eyes, and a smooth skin almost as copper-colored as an Indian's.

He had silver spurs on his boots, wore blue leggings, fringed and embroidered; a blue wamum bound about the waist with a long military sash wound two or three times around; and a hat with a broad band about it, and a wide, slouching brim to keep off sun and rain. There was a knife in his belt, but no pistols; nor did he carry the rifle like every other member of the party.

He had avowed his ignorance of the plains and of hunting when asked to be taken along; declaring that he had a passion for a wild life, and wanted to take his first lesson.

"Ay, boys!" added old Dakota Dan; "it will be victory or death!"

CHAPTER XLVIII

SILENT as shadows born of the night, our friends took their positions to await the coming of the raft with its load of bloodthirsty demons, feeling that the night that now surrounded them would doubtless be some of their number, be extended into the darkness of eternity. They felt that they could not go through another as terrible conflict as that of the previous night without some loss of life.

With the silence of death itself, each man waited and listened for the coming of the raft—a huge log-pontoon behind whose heavy walls crouched two-score of enemies. The surge of the waves breaking upon the shore told of its near approach, and at length to the fixed eyes peering into the gloom, a huge black mass shaped itself as it crept on through the water like some terrible, low-browed monster.

Dakota Dan's dog suddenly broke the silence by a warning bark.

The waves rolling on in advance of the raft now broke upon the island with an angry surge. The firing of the burning arrows now ceased as if at a signal to that effect.

Kit Bandy suddenly arose, and thrusting his head out at an opening in the wall behind which they waited, demanded:

"Who comes there?"

But he received no answer save the roll and rebound of the waves.

He fired his revolver at the advancing raft; still there was no response.

Could it be that no one was aboard the raft? This question arose in the mind of more than one, but before there was time for a second thought, it was answered. And such an answer!

A fierce yell that seemed the pent-up wrath and fury of a hundred demons, burst upon the air as the raft came to a stand against the island; but it was promptly answered with a shout of defiance from our friends.

Then over the walls of the raft swarmed the screaming demons; into the water they leaped and plunged ashore. A stream of fire from a score of rifles behind the ruined walls met their advance, and the yells and groans of dying men were added to the tumult of battle that now rent the night. Still the outlaws, nothing daunted by this first and unexpected reception, pressed on—swarmed over the walls—through the breaches that time had made, into the very midst of the defenders. And then, in the darkness, ensued a struggle that no pen can describe. It was a hand-to-hand encounter, swayed in the gloom, one could not distinguish friend from foe. At least such was the case at the beginning of the battle, but, soon as all had come together, the robbers and outlaw savages dexterously brought into view upon their breasts a small blazing ball of fire—the robbers' night signal. But they had not counted upon its serving a double purpose—of being of greater benefit to their enemies than themselves. It told our friends where to strike, for well they knew what it meant.

Pistols, clubbed rifles, tomahawks and knives crashed and tore their way through air and flesh. Steel met steel in deadly clash; foes grappled and fell; cries of agony were mingled with yells of defiance. Crunching blows of heavy weapons, the hissing jar of pistol-shots, and the dull thump of falling bodies—all conspired to make the hour one of awful horror.

To and fro the tide of battle swayed across the island—now the minions of Prairie Paul seemed to hold the promise of victory, now the rangers. Above all could be heard the voices of Kit Bandy and Dakota Dan.

Idaho Tom and his rangers used their favorite weapons—their revolvers—and wherever a ball of fire was seen upon a breast, a bullet was sent with almost certain death toward it. Prairie Paul soon saw where he had made a terrible blunder in arranging targets upon his men's breasts; but he saw it too late. His Indians became panic-stricken at their loss, and plunging into the river, fled. The surviving outlaws had no alternative but to follow, and all essayed to escape; but one, and one alone, failed. Prairie Paul stumbled over a dead body and fell. Before he could regain his feet a blow on the head laid him insensible.

Idaho Tom, bleeding from more than one wound, now ran to the cabin to inform his wife of their victory. He found the poor young thing cowering with terror in one corner with her babe clasped to her breast.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, "I—"

"We have defeated them, darling—danger is past."

"Then my prayers have been answered, Tom," she said.

"Both safe, are they?" asked Kit Bandy, looking in at the door as he passed by.

Being answered in the affirmative he went on.

The half-breed, Qadoq, and his wife were gone. During the conflict they had stolen away, while Christie with closed eyes knelt in prayer.

The groans of the wounded and dying now filled the air, and made the night still more hideous and horrifying.

With torches the victors searched among the dead and dying for their comrades whose faces and voices were not among those who answered at roll-call.

Near where the battle began they found one of the young rangers, silent in death. A little further on lay Kit Bandy's companion, Ichabod Flea, breathing his last. Snowball, the negro, was found with a cloven skull, his fingers clutched upon the throat of a dead savage. In the search far others, Prairie Paul was found still insensible from the blow that had felled him to the earth. He was taken to the cabin and made a prisoner. Another of the young rangers, seriously wounded, was found and carried into a building where his wounds were dressed and everything possible done to alleviate his suffering. Major Loomis and Kit Bandy acted as surgeons, the latter displaying no little skill in his knowledge of surgery.

While they were thus engaged, a grim, gaunt animal appeared in the doorway and gave forth a mournful howl. It was covered with blood, and a gaping wound was in its side; but, despite these, Bandy recognized it. It was the dog, Humility.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed; "it's the dog of Dakota Dan!"

"Boys, have any of you seen him since the fight?"

A moment later four men appeared, carrying a form that appeared limp and lifeless. They laid it upon the ground by the fire.

"Great horn of Joshua!" cried Kit Bandy, in a tone of grief, "it is the form of Dan. Is he dead?"

He knelt down and felt his pulse.

"He lives," said the old detective; "his pulse is strong—bring some water, quick!"

Kit found a deep gash on the old borderman's head from which the blood was flowing profusely. A careful examination convinced him that the skull had not been fractured, though the blow had been of stunning force. He washed the blood from the face and hair, and dressed

the wound the best he could. In a few moments Dan showed evidence of returning consciousness, to the joy of those around him.

While Kit, the major, Herbert, Dorne and Christie and Tom attended on the wounded, the others removed all the enemy—the wounded and dead Indians and outlaws—from the island, and placing them aboard the raft that had brought them to their fate, sent them adrift down the river. The object in this was one of humanity and mercy; it was that the enemy might care for their own dead and wounded.

Scarcely a man had escaped without some slight injury, but only those named were slain.

It was more than an hour before Dakota Dan recovered consciousness, and when he did, he gazed around him in bewilderment and started up with a wild cry, calling his dog.

"Hullo, friend Dan," said Kit; "you've been taking quite a nap; but, keep quiet, for you've a sore head where a devil hit you."

"Then we gained the victory, did we?" Dan questioned, speaking with some difficulty.

"We did for a fact—routed them horse and foot, but then—"

"But what did the victory cost?" the old fellow asked.

"I am sorry to say, Dan, it cost us some noble lives—four, I believe."

"Ah, me!" sighed Dan, "it was a terrible fight; but who wouldn't 'a' fit for that baby?—but, where's Humility, boys? Have you seen him since the fight?"

"Dan," said Idaho Tom, who came in time to hear the question, "I am very sorry to say your dumb companion is dead—"

"What! Humility dead?" the old man cried, starting up, a wild look on his face; then, overcome with emotion, he sunk back upon his couch, and as a mist gathered in his eyes, murmured: "It's just as well, for mebbe he'd been abused. Poor ole dog, he's seen a deal of ups and downs during his time. So have I, boys, and as my days of usefulness are numbered, it's just as well to go now."

"Why, Dan, you don't think you are going to die, from a little dig on the head, do you?" asked Major Loomis.

"Die?—why, we're all going to die, major."

"Yes, at some future time; but don't give up, Dan, for you're good for years yet."

This assurance seemed to afford him relief, for a smile flitted over his face, and closing his eyes he relaxed into silence. Presently he started up, saying:

"And so poor Humility's dead. That breaks the Triangle, boys, and the rest might as well go too. I've been awful busy dooming 'em lives. I begun life a wee little toddler, like Tom's baby there, and mebbe my trials and troubles I've had. Old Patience, my mare, has been on the go ever since she could tote me, and Humility, my dog, has done duty from the time he became the hydrant part of the Triangle. We've seed a deal of life all the way from the Missouri river to the Pacific waters, and the blood of ole Dan Rackback has stained the soil of every territory in the West. We've—that's the old Triangle—been a tornado to the enemies of civilization, and now I think our mission on earth has been filled and that my time has come to join those that have been waiting those long years over the river. I know I have been a rough old coddler, but then I acted in the sphere in which God placed me, and feel in my heart that I will be admitted to the presence of the great Fathers."

"Dan, don't give up, for we cannot spare you yet," said Idaho Tom. "I think you will feel better after a night's rest; so compose yourself and take a good sound sleep."

"I'll do it, Tom, though you must wake me at daybreak," replied the old man. "And, look here, Tom: have the boys look after poor ole Humility's body—tell 'em just to lay him away kind o' decently, and receive my thanks."

"I'll see that he is properly buried, Dan," said Tom.

The old ranger laid back upon his couch, closed his eyes and fell asleep in a few minutes.

The rest of the night was spent in the sad and solemn duty of burying the dead. Near the center of the island graves were dug with spades improvised from the boards of the roof of the cabin; and when the morning sun arose, it shone upon four mounds of fresh earth, over which many a scalding tear had been shed by brave-hearted comrades.

CHAPTER XLIX

GREAT HONOR

It was scarcely daylight when the attention of our friends was called toward the west shore of the river where over a hundred mounted Indians had suddenly issued from the woods and drawn rein. At sight of them every heart shuddered with terror, for against this superior force of the enemy all knew it would be useless to battle. An inevitable death stared them in the face, and yet the Indians manifested signs of peaceful intentions toward them; but they had been deceived so often by savage treachery that they put no faith in their pretended friendly advances.

At the head of the band Kit Bandy recognized the great chief Spotted Tail; and he knew at once that something decisive would soon occur, for if the chief had taken the war-path against them he knew they would have the whole tribe to contend with as long as they remained upon forbidden ground.

Kit Bandy was well aware that the Indians with whom they had been fighting were outcasts, just as Prairie Paul's band were outlaws whites, and while they were amenable to the tribe and the tribe to the government for violation of their treaty, there was but little ground upon which to appeal to the great chief for mercy. It is true the conditions of the treaty did not give the Indians the right to kill and punish those of the white race found intruding upon their territory; this was the duty of the government; and when it suddenly occurred to Kit that he was a government officer and there by special permission, and that, too, in behalf of the Indians, he thought he might possibly effect some compromise with the chief to enable his friends to get out of their dangerous situation.

He was about to open a conversation across the water with the chief when, to the surprise of all, they saw a woman gallop down the river and draw rein by the chief's side. It was Aree, the princess. She waved her hand toward the island; Idaho Tom stepped out in plain view of all and demanded:

"Is it with friendly intention that the great chief comes here?"

Aree answered that it was, and requested that a canoe be brought over to take the chief and herself to the island.

This one of the party hastily complied with, and in a few minutes Aree and the chief landed upon the island. Idaho Tom escorted the maiden to the cabin where she was welcomed by Christie, while Kit Bandy advanced to meet the chief, saying:

"Great chief, it pleases me to meet you here in this hour of trouble."

"Then the pale-face knows that I am not responsible for the trouble you have had?"

"Know it? In course I know it, chief, yet

the Great Father at Washington will hold you responsible for all that your tribe does in violation of articles of the treaty."

"But, while my unruly warriors have been doing wrong by going away from their lands you pale-faces are doing wrong by going from yours."

"But we came here in pursuit of your warriors that had carried our friends away from their homes far beyond the limits of your reservation."

"The pale-face girl came to me with the news of your troubles here," said the chief, "and she begged and implored me to save you. I promised her I would."

"God bless her little soul," exclaimed Kit.

"I come to drive away the robbers and bad Indians that you might return home and tell your people how Spotted Tail holds sacred his promise to the Great Father at Washington. The Sioux that have troubled you are all bad warriors and consorts with the bad white men. Over a hundred bad Indians have deserted my tribe and hid away in the mountains with the bad whites who have deserted their people. The hills are the refuge for wicked men—the home of red and white outlaws. These have been troubling my white friends, yet I must be responsible for all that is done by the red-men, good and bad, off the reservation; but who will be responsible for what the white outlaws do upon the reservation?"

"Our government, chief; I am here, individually, for that purpose—to seek out the bad men that cheat and swindle the Indians. At this moment the outlaw captain, known as Prairie Paul, lies in yonder building, a captive, and if we are permitted to go hence I will take him along, dead or alive."

"The pale-face speaks strong; his words please the ear of Spotted Tail, and his face gives them strength and truth," answered the chief.

"Spotted Tail is a great and good chief—the friend of the white man," replied Kit, not to be outdone in bestowing compliments; "he has come from afar off with his brave warriors to deliver us from our enemies. Shall I tell the Great Father?"

"No," responded the chief, "let the bad deeds of the Indians go to balance the bad deeds of the white outlaws, and so let the kindness of the tribe go in search of kindness from the whites."

There was considerable sarcasm in the last words but Kit affected not to hear it. There was also considerable policy in the chief's desire to keep the whole matter from the government. He was afraid of being brought into conflict with it, should the raids of his outlaw warriors upon the citizens beyond the limits of the reservation become known. In fact, Kit saw that the chief was really anxious for a compromise, and lost no time to effect these terms of agreement. The whites were to leave the island and reservation as soon as their wound were able to be moved under an escort of friendly warriors; they were to kill no game in the hills aside from the actual wants of their party, and they were to make no complaint to the government of the Indian raids. Aside from his agreement to furnish a suitable escort for the party, the chief also promised to make no complaint against the whites.

The matter thus settled, all the horses were at once sent over to the main land to pasture, while Herbert Dorne went down after the animals his party had left there.

The Indians acted very friendly, and after tarrying a few hours on the island the chief took the main body of his warriors and left, leaving about thirty under a young war-chief to protect the little band of whites and escort them from the hills to the plains of Dakota, whenever they were able to move.

CHAPTER L

A LONG FAREWELL

As Dakota Dan had requested, Idaho Tom woke him before the sun arose. He seemed much refreshed in mind and body by his night's rest, and his face wore a calm, serene expression that none had ever seen there before. His voice, too, seemed clearer and his eyes brighter. He sat up on his couch and requested Tom to remove a piece of chinking from the wall facing eastward that he might see the sun rise. Tom did so, and a few moments later the sun looked over the eastern hills, and streaming in at the opening lit up the thin, emaciated face of the old borderman.

"Oh, how many times have I seen that sun rise, and alders when I watched its comin' what an eventful day to me war sure to follow," the old man said, a perceptible tremor now shaking his voice.

"You surely don't anticipate any great event occurring to-day, do you, Dan?" asked Tom.

"I don't," said the ranger, fixing his eye upon Tom; "do you call death a great event?"

"Yes—the final event in man's earthly career; but, Dan—"

"Then to-day will see the final event in ole Dan Rackback's yearling career," said the old man. "Boy—Thomas, I can't last much longer."

Overcome with emotion, Tom turned and walked out of the cabin to where Major Loomis and Kit Bandy were engaged in conversation.

"Major," he said, "what do you think about Dan's case?"

"I think he can last but little longer, Tom. He's been struck with death these two hours. The brightness above his eyes, the hollowness of the voice and whiteness about his lips and nostrils are certain evidence of death. Yes, yes; Dan will have to go. He followed his last trail in search of you, Tom."

Tom turned and gave back into the cabin sat down by Dan's side.

"Dan," he said, in a choking voice, "is it possible that you are going to leave us?"

"Yes, Thomas; my days of usefulness are over. The good Lord has seen fit to call me from the trail of the wicked here into the broader trail of everlasting life. I'm willin' to go, Tom, for I am gettin' old and soon will be past self-support, then I would be in the way of the busy world. I've had a presentiment of death several days, Tom; and when I first looked upon your baby my thoughts grew serious at the contrast of life between us. It was feeble in youth—I in age. Everything was before me, waiting for it—all war left behind and forever gone from me, save an inheritance in heaven. You may think strange to hear ole Dakota Dan speaking of heaven; but then I feel certain that God has given me hopes of future life. Night after last, when in the woods alone, I prayed and prayed for hours—yes, ole Dakota Dan prayed for forgiveness. My words wasn't the most elegant, but the Lord could see into my heart, and know what I meant. My old mother I ain't me to pray, years and years ago, but arter she died and climbed that golden stair I went out into the busy world, was caught up by the rushing tide of excitement, and forgot my early trainin'! But, I never forgot my mother, Tom—never; and now I'm goin' to see her. It's a long way to heaven, yet in a few hours I'll be there."

"Dan, it is hard to give you up," said Tom, the tears gathering in his eyes, while Christie sobbed with bitter anguish of heart.

"You'll be along some day, Tom—you and Christie and the baby, and then we'll have a jolly good time. Don't take on 'bout me, for I'm of little consequence here now. I'm glad to hear that you're goin' to get away from here. It was good in the chief to drive the varmints away and leave you an escort."

"Is there any word, Dan, that you desire to send to your friends, that may—"

"No use; I'll take the word to them, Tom; I haven't a friend—yes, I have friends, too, but not a relative that I know of. But then, that's my property—my rifle and Patience, my mare, Tom, and the tears gathered in the dying man's eyes, "I give and bequeath them to you. Old Patience is good for several years with kind treatment. A mighty good ole critter has been to me, but no better than Humility, my dog. The rifle, Tom, will do for your boy when he comes on the stage of active life. I wish I'd somethin' to leave your wife, Tom, but my effects are few and won't go around in your little family. I give her, howsoever, my blessing and love."

Here Dan's voice fell, as if completely out of breath. He heaved a great sigh, closed his eyes and for several moments seemed to be sleeping. Suddenly he opened his eyes and gazing in a sort of bewilderment around him said:

"Tom, I'm goin'," his voice sounded far away and the words were spoken as if his tongue was thick. The white circle about his mouth and nose were spreading back over his face, and his fingers picked nervously at the blanket that covered him.

Idaho Tom raised his head so that he could breathe easier. The old man seemed to define his object and continued:

"It's no matter, Tom, how I lay, for I'm passin' away. After all it's not so hard to die with the radiance of heaven opening around me. Where are the boys? Tell them to come in so that I can bid 'em good-by."

Tom arose and going to the door communicated the old man's wish to those outside. One by one the rangers filed into the room, stole softly to the old man's bedside and taking his hand bid him farewell; then with heavy heart went out. Kit Bandy was the last to come in, and as he approached the bedside it was plain to be seen that he was deeply affected.

"Good-by, Daniel," he said with a great lump in his throat.

"Ha, Kit, ole fellow!" Dan exclaimed, rallying at sight of the old detective; "it won't be long; no, it won't be long. Them gray hairs and them furrows of age tells me that you'll be along, by-and-by. Do your duty, ole friend, and come up by way of Calvary and the Cross."

With tears streaming down his cheeks and his form trembling with the deepest emotions, the strong man broke down, and he sunk into a seat and wept like a child by his dying friend.

Christie came and bade him good-by, then went sobbing to her child sleeping in the basket near.

"Tom," said Dan, his voice still growing feebler, "it's not the lick on the head that's killin' me, but a thurst in the side with a knife I thought it was no use to tell you 'bout it, for you could not save me; and then the wound never bled externally. Tom, it's gittin' kind o' foggy in here, but out beyond in the great eternal I see a radiant light. Good-by, Tom."

He pressed Tom's hand, then closed his eyes. He breathed easier now, and Tom thought he was gone, when, to his surprise, he opened his eyes and said:

"Tom, let me kiss your boy, for it was he that gave me the first glimpse into heaven."

Idaho Tom lifted his sleeping babe from the basket and carrying it to Dan, permitted the old man to kiss it.

"There," he exclaimed, and he turned his head toward the wall. His eyes closed; his fingers shut down over the thumbs; his jaws fell apart, and all that was earthly of Dakota Dan had passed away to the realms of eternal life.

Earth to earth and dust to dust.

The death of Dakota Dan cast additional gloom over the hearts of our friends, for all had felt so certain of his recovery the night before. But then none knew that he had received a more fatal wound than that upon the head. He had kept it a secret from them and as the wound did not bleed, they never dreamed of such a thing until it was too late.

A grave was hollowed out by that of Ichabod Flea, and just as the sun went down that evening, the body of the old hero, wrapped in a blanket, was lowered into its last resting place and covered from the view of the world forever. A stone slab, upon which Idaho Tom had chiseled with an Indian tomahawk the single word "Dan," was planted at the head of the grave, and there, along with those who fell in that memorable battle, rests the body of him whose life had been one of continuous adventures, and whose heart was ever overflowing with the milk of human kindness, love and compassionate geniality.

It was several days before the little party were enabled to leave the island, owing to the feeble condition of the wounded; but when at last they were enabled to depart from the place, they were not a little surprised to learn that Aree Van Pruss was going with them. She had remained at the island ever since she had piloted the chief there with success; but all supposed she was staying at the earnest solicitation of Christie, who seemed very happy in the brave and kind-hearted girl's presence. She would not have accompanied them away, however, had Christie not prevailed upon her to give up her outlaw home and go with them. She promised the maiden a home until she could obtain a home of her own.

After doing what she had done to break up the band of Prairie Paul, and to destroy the power that held the heart of the Gold Hills, she knew it would be death to return to her outlaw home. The time had been when her power over the men was as great as that of their leader, but she had forfeited all this in her recent act in behalf of the besieged adventurers.

By her conduct one would never have known that she had loved Idaho Tom. She concealed her emotions effectually, and appeared as blithe and happy as it was possible for one in her circumstances to be. No one held her in the least disrespect on account of her being the daughter of an outlaw; for innocence, purity and kindness so marked her thoughts, words and ways that all worshiped at the shrine of her beauty and goodness.

She became a shining light in Mennoval's by the side of which the beauty of Miss Judith Royce paled, even in the estimation of Adam Farwell, the wealthy young cattle dealer. And it seemed the retribution of heaven for Judith's jealousy of Christie, that Aree should supplant

her in Mr. Farwell's affection and eventually be led to the altar of wedded love.

Kit Bandy delivered the outlaw chief into the hands of the law, then returned to Nevada and at once forwarded to Herbert Dorne all the evidence necessary to confirm the legality of his sister's marriage with Idaho Tom.

With his wife and child, Idaho Tom returned to Virginia City, and settled down into a quiet life, where, as a stockholder in a rich silver mine, he is fast rising to prominence and wealth, aided and encouraged by the presence of a devoted, loving wife.

And they call their boy Dakota Dan—a very plain name indeed, but it will ever keep fresh in their hearts the love they cherished for the old ranger who sleeps on that lonely isle beneath a northern sky.

THE END.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," etc., etc.

The liver is the great depurating (purifying) organ of the system, and has very appropriately been termed the "housekeeper" of our health. I have observed in the dissecting-room, and also in making post-mortem examinations of the bodies of those who have died of different diseases, that in a large proportion of cases, the liver has given evidence of having at some time been diseased. Liver affections are equally prevalent in beasts. Every butcher knows that the livers of cattle, sheep, and swine, are ten times as frequently diseased as any other organ. A healthy liver each day secretes about two and a half pounds of bile. When it becomes torpid, congested, or if, from any cause, it is disabled in the performance of its duties, it is evidence that the elements of disease are being introduced into the blood, thus irritating, poisoning, and perverting, every vital process. Nature attempts to rid the system of these noxious materials by means of other organs, as the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., which become overtaxed in performing their additional labor, and are unable to withstand the pressure.

The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, becomes overstimulated with unhealthy blood, and fails to normally perform its functions. Hence there is dullness, headache, impairment of the memory, dizziness, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. When the blood is diseased, the skin manifests discolored spots, pimples, blotches, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach and bowels, sooner or later, become affected, and constipation, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, or diarrhoea, is the inevitable result.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart, a dry, teasing cough, sore throat, unsteady appetite, sour stomach, raising of the food, and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting, distress, heaviness, and a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides; aggravating the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pains and soreness throughout the bowels; constipation, alternating with diarrhoea; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of the extremities, rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs (especially at night), and chills, alternating with hot flashes; kidney and other urinary difficulties, dullness, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of these symptoms will be likely to be present in any case at one time.

TREATMENT.—Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with small doses of his Pleasant Purgative Pills, which act as an alternative on the liver. For Liver Complaint and the various affections caused by a diseased liver, these remedies are unsurpassed. The Golden Medical Discovery does not simply palliate the disease, but it produces a lasting effect. By its use, the liver and stomach are changed to an active, healthy state; the appetite is regulated, the blood purified and enriched, and the entire system renovated and restored to health.

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100 Cash Gifts of 300 each.....30,000

200 Cash Gifts of 200 each.....40,000

800 Cash Gifts of 100 each.....80,000

A SHOE BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

An old shoe lying on the ground!
There have been trophies greater,
And yet what fancies weave around
A woman's cast-off garter!
With sentiment that worn-out shoe
A rhyme's soul encumbers,
Who gazes at a number 2
Most musical of numbers!

A wayside waif that would not win
A passing observation,
Yet stirs a poet's heart within
With strange infatuation!
Was it some maiden butterfly
With winsome look and feather
Who sprang from out, and then cast by,
This chrysalis of leather?

Did that shoe tread in fashion's halls,
Or trip the dance's measure,
Light following to the prompter's calls
While new and full of pressure?
And was she beautiful and fair—
A dear and winning creature—
Who entered church with welcome there?
Or was this sole a screecher?

How full this shoe of wondrous thought,
Though holes are in it plenty!
The foot that wore this garter out
Was on which side of twenty?
A shapely shoe, a foot to fit
Indeed was one of beauty.
I dream she was, who trod in it,
The soul of faith and duty.

Did that shoe move along the ways
To light heart-beatings tripping?
Or did it ever slip her grace
On orange peelings slipping?
Or has it upon rainy days
Alured the eye of Gawkins,
And did it shine to win his praise
In glory of striped stockings?

"Ho, exile from a foreign shore!
Pause if thou wilt and answer,
The owner of this number two,
Oh, was she number one, six?
"Yes, boss, but don't you darter's shoe;
Do little but do it
Do very mornin'; bleeced to you,
Boss, for to come across it!"

Yankee Boys in Ceylon:
OR,
THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.BY C. D. CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD
AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.I.—THE FLYAWAY AT SEA—THE CINGALESE
PILOTS.

The scene opens on the spicy shores of the Indian seas, and a beautiful topsail schooner, under easy sail, is seen running through the bright sea at racing speed, winged out to catch every breath of air which came from the west. A schooner perfect in every line, a model of beauty, grace, and speed. She was yacht built, after the American model; which is to say, she had great breadth of beam, and was calculated to carry a great spread of canvas. Her prow was as sharp as a knife blade, and cut through the water with a hissing sound. Her canvas, as we have said, was remarkably heavy for so small a craft, but she stood up under it bravely, and showed every quality of a good sea boat. She was painted black, with a red stripe, and white ports. Without intending to fight, she carried two small brass six-pounders forward, kept bright and clean by the crew, who petted the guns, and talked of what they would do if they met a Malay pirate in the narrow seas beyond Indo-China, where they meant to go after they had proved themselves hunters amid the jungles of Ceylon, for which island they were headed.

The crew were neatly dressed—blue pants, wide at the bottom, in true sailor style; close-fitting "Guernseys," or jerseys, so called, and jackets of the same color, slashed with white. Upon the breast of the shirt, a large capital "F" was worked in white. They wore Scotch caps with the word "Flyaway" worked upon the band. The crew were ten in number, and evidently able seamen chosen for their skill in navigation. But with them, at present, we have little to do, but turn to the officers, who are all on deck.

They are four in number and wear uniforms very much like those of the American navy, bearing respectively the insignia of captain, first lieutenant, second lieutenant, and sailing-master. The captain is a young man not over twenty-two, with a handsome, sunburned face, large gray eyes, and curling brown hair. His figure is stalwart, and he is evidently a hard customer to meet in a close grapple. This is Richard Wade, owner and commander of the schooner Flyaway, New York, bound on a cruise of adventure in the eastern seas.

The "first" and "second" are his brothers; you can see that at a glance. The same bright, expressive eyes, curling brown hair and strong build, although "Ned" is only nineteen and "Will" a year younger.

The sailing-master is a man about forty-five years of age, and every inch a sailor. His closely-cut hair is getting gray, and his face, by long exposure to the sun and wind, has become tanned to the color of mahogany. His hands, from long use in the rigging and at the wheel and oar, are curved inward, and it is almost impossible for him to open them entirely. In person he is short, but his shoulders are those of a Hercules, and no man, after being once in the grip of sturdy Captain Dave Sawyer, ever "battered" under another hug.

"Keep her north-east by east, you at the wheel!" growled Captain Dave. "Captain Wade, if we don't have a sooner before long, then I don't know anything of the Injin seas."

"The Flyaway can stand it, Dave," replied Richard Wade.

"I reckon she can," was the reply. "There ain't a boat of her inches, if I do say it, that is a patch alongside of this yacht. It did my old heart good to see her walk away from that steamer when we came out of Cape Town. Give me the right wind, and all the pots and kettles in creation can't beat the Flyaway."

"The wind is going down," remarked Ned, looking up at the sails, which no longer filled. "Are we going to have a calm?"

"Maybe so," answered the sailing-master, casting a quick glance over the lee rail. "All you Flyaways—jump! Stand by to take in sail!"

"Take in sail!" cried Ned, in astonishment. "We'd better to send up the kites and 'balloons' instead."

"Captain Wade," demanded the sailing-master, "what shall I do, since this young man chooses to interfere?"

"Do as you think right, Dave. At the same time, I don't think Ned meant to interfere with you."

"Not at all; but it looks as if we were going to have a calm, instead of a storm," Ned explained.

"You won't have long to wait before you are satisfied on that point," returned Dave Sawyer. "Down with the mainsail and secure

all! Be lively, my lads; jump, if you strain blood vessels."

The men sprung to the work with a will, and in less than ten minutes, under their quick and skillful hands, the mainsail was down and secured, the foresail close-reefed, and the Flyaway moved slowly through the water, under close-reefed foresail and storm jib.

"I guess she will stand that," muttered the sailing-master. "Now, Ned, my boy"—turning to the first lieutenant—"maybe I spoke a little sharp just now, but I know these seas better than you. We are going to have a buster."

"There is a boat," cried Will. They were miles from land, and yet, close upon them, a small light boat was leaping over the waves toward them. She was built something like an Indian canoe, sharp at both ends, and had a small triangular sail. But that was carried a mile, and the two men in the boat were using their paddles, sending their light craft flying through the water at every stroke. They had seen the Flyaway and were heading for her.

"Hail them!" suggested Richard. "A pilot will be a good thing for us, if there is danger."

"No need to hail them," replied the sailing-master. "They are coming as fast as they can."

The boat was now so near that they could see the brown and nearly naked bodies of the Cingalese as they worked at the paddles. A moment more, and the boat lay close to the side of the schooner, and a straight, supple form bounded upon deck, and placing his hands upon his forehead, made a low obeisance.

"Let the sahibs listen to the words of their slaves!" he spoke in the sweet persuasive voice which seems to be an attribute of the Hindoo race. "A dark cloud hangs over them which will envelop and destroy them. Darkness will surround them; the breath of the tempest will suck them in."

"Oh, give us a rest," replied Dave Sawyer, who understood the language of the Cingalese. "Does all that, bein' interpreted, mean that we are going to have a wind?"

"The Sahib Captain has heard the words of his devoted slave, and he has seen the dark cloud in the sky."

"Modo, you rascal!" cried Dave, suddenly. "How came you here?"

This was addressed to the second native who was just climbing over the rail. The moment he saw Dave Sawyer he joined his hands over his head, and plunged headforemost into the sea.

"Call him back, the blasted thief," roared Sawyer. "Does the cuss think that a native-born American sailor holds a grudge forever? Tell him to come back; I won't hurt him."

The man who was on deck shouted to his friend as his head appeared above the waves, in a tongue unknown to the young men. At first he seemed averse to returning, and appeared rather inclined to trusting to his powers as a swimmer to getting into the hands of Dave Sawyer. But, after a while, hesitating back slowly, climbed into his boat, and again appeared on deck, his dark hair dripping with salt water.

"Now, ain't you a nice bird, Modo?" sneered Sawyer. "Don't you think I ought to run you up on the main sheet and leave you dangling there?"

The man, a wily specimen of the native Cingalese, prostrated himself upon the deck at the feet of Sawyer.

"Modo is at the feet of the Captain Sahib," he whined. "He is as the dust of the earth before him, for him to tread upon. Your slave has been in darkness, overpowered by the snares of the insidious. He was blown about as chaff before the wind, and did not know which way to turn, when, in an evil hour, the tempter came and led him away from so good and noble a master."

"Oh, you skunk! Who tempted you to steal my best gun, and run away with my ship's dingy?"

"The evil spirit had power over the heart of Modo in that unhappy hour."

"Well, get up, you thief of the world. I won't say any more about it, though I promised to tan your hide the first time we met."

The man arose with a peculiar look upon his face. Of all wily vagabonds, none can equal those strange people, and they consider it a part of their duty to spoil the Egyptians in every possible way. But they had to deal with a man who understood them, and would be on his guard against them, and they knew it.

"The skunks won't try to fool with me, captain," declared the sailing-master. "They know old Dave Sawyer, and that I will take the skin off their backs if they try any games upon me. Here, Modo, you brown thief, are we going to have a gale?"

"A terrible one, sahib."

"From what direction?"

Modo lifted his hand and pointed to the north-east.

"Just as I thought, and I am afraid we can't clear the coast. Now see here: when the wind comes I am going to run before it, and depend upon you to take me safe through the reefs. Can you do it?"

"The Captain Sahib knows that Modo is the best pilot in Ceylon."

"All right. I am going to trust you, but I tell you now that if you play any games on me, get the schooner ashore or anything of that sort, I am going to knock you on the head before we go down. I am a man of my word; remember that."

The man said nothing, but walked off to the main at the wheel.

"Mo pilot," he said, in execrable English. "Big good pilot, too. You mind me, Sahib Sallor."

"Not just yet, Modo. When I put the schooner in your hands you shall know it," interrupted Sawyer.

"Wind come now, sahib," declared the Cingalese, pointing to the north-east again.

Every eye followed the direction of his finger, and saw, far away in the distant horizon, what appeared to be a dark wall, rolling rapidly across the waves. In the midst of this wall, and above it, numberless dark spots could be seen, hurried to and fro by some mighty power.

"That is the wind!" cried Sawyer. "I'm mighty glad we stripped."

"What are those spots which seem to come with it?" asked Richard.

"Sea-birds, my boy. They are trying to make head against it, but it is no use. They make a terrible fuss in a wind like this. Steady, you at the wheel; help him, Barker."

One of the best among the men stepped to the wheel, and took his place with the man already there. They knew well that in these terrible winds the wheel has been literally torn from the hands of a single man, and the ship sunk before they could do anything to avert the calamity.

"Hold hard all!" shouted Sawyer. "Here it comes, flying light!"

The black wall rushed up rapidly, with a

rush and roar like that of a thousand demons suddenly released. The sky turned black about them, and myriads of sea-birds, hurried forward by the mighty gale, passed all around and through the rigging, screaming out their fear. The schooner received the first terrible stroke of the tempest a little on her quarter, and went over like a top; but the men at the wheel

"touched her up a little," and she righted, and shot ahead through the boiling surge, the wind whistling through the rigging, and every spar bending to the blast. But the Flyaway was built of staunch material, and the tapering masts, although they bent like reeds, stood the test! One of the Cingalese covered and whimpered under the lee sail, but Modo, thief and vagabond as he was, was staunch and true. An hour passed and they saw before them the long dark line which indicated land.

"The schooner is yours, Modo," now remarked the sailing-master. "If you take her safe through the reefs, I will give you the choice of five good rifles. If you fail—you know what will happen!"

Modo sprung upon the lee rail in spite of the dashing spray, and looked out ahead. Before them ran a long line of breakers, and these the Flyaway was going like a race-horse. But the dark face of Modo showed no fear. He had spoken to the men at the wheel, and given them his signals for "port," "starboard," and "amidships," for no voice could have been heard at the distance of five feet in that awful wind. Through the line of breakers ran a dark seam no wider than a man's hand, and through this opening the Cingalese meant to take the schooner. They had little hope of safety, but beyond the breakers the shore was seen, and there was a chance of life by swimming. The bow of the beautiful schooner rose into the air, and at the same moment the right hand of the pilot was lifted.

"Port! it is!" he howled.

The helm went over and the schooner plunged into the dark line. A moment later, when she seemed rushing upon a black rock which could be seen when the surge went down, Modo raised his left hand.

"Starboard! it is!"

For one terrible moment she dashed on, and all expected to hear the keel crash upon the rocks, when suddenly the Cingalese leaped down with both hands raised above his head.

"Helm! midships! it is!"

The schooner glided out of the dangerous breakers into the comparatively calm waters beyond, and at a signal the anchors went down to the coral reefs below and there clung. The schooner swung in toward the shore, the fore-sail and jib went down, and there she lay, prepared to ride out the terrible storm. Modo had earned his pardon.

Cupid at a Farm-house.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

WISTFUL eyes, as darkly blue as the violets that were growing under the oaks in Mrs. Garland's old-fashioned flower-garden; pale and pink cheeks, smooth as velvet, and one of them deeply dimpled; a tender, sensitive mouth, slightly compressed as the girl waited—it seemed an eternity—for the words that were to decide her fate.

At least, it seemed to her that Mrs. Garland's words were to decide her fate; fortune had been so unkind, destiny had tossed her hither and yon so mercilessly in those last two years, since Selwyn Richards had coldly accepted his dismissal from her angry, passionate, and glorified the day.

She had regretted it a thousand times—nay, rather, she had regretted the pride and wrath that had driven her lover from her but once—once long ceaseless misery of regret; and now, as she stood, leaning so heavily against the chair in Mrs. Garland's old-fashioned parlor, with the scent of lilacs coming in gusts of fragrant perfume through the windows—standing there Jessie Hunt thought that but for her passionate pride and impetuous anger she would not have been standing before this placid-faced old lady, and pinning her hopes on whether or not she was to be accepted or rejected as a member of Mrs. Garland's little household.

But for that unlucky episode in her life, only two years ago, when everything was recolored to her, and Fortune smiled dazlingly, and she had thought the spiciest thing imaginable, and who, on account of a flirtation, had quarreled with Selwyn Richards.

Yet, notwithstanding her opinion of herself, she looked fair as a man would wish to see, in her white pigee dress and wide scarlet silk sash, with a rose and a leaf in her hair, a smile, half tears, in her lovely, wistful eyes.

Mrs. Garland came rustling in, all joyous excitement.

"My dear child, how lovely you are! I really hope my boy will fall in love with you!"

Jessie's face paled.

"Oh, Mrs. Garland, don't please don't think of such a thing, never! There—the carriage is coming! I can see a gentleman inside—it is Mr. Garland!"

Mrs. Garland laughed outright.

"Why, child, didn't I ever tell you his name wasn't Garland? He's my first husband's child—Oh, it is he—my boy—my dear boy!"

She went down-stairs, and Jessie, with thoughtful delicacy, turned away that she might not witness the meeting between mother and son after so long an absence.

The parlor-door closed on the two, and Jessie, with a strange feeling of loneliness, turned toward the window again—she was no longer needed—one near and dear had come, and she—the old, bitter memories rushed over her like a flood; the sounds of the waltzes she had kept time to when she was happy came tantalizingly to her; remembrances were crowding around her as they did when she had to fly from the stillness of the old house, that now urged her to rush out and seek relief in rapid motion.

Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her splendid eyes were dewy as she went swiftly, silently down the stairs, hearing the low murmur of voices in the parlor, thinking, with fresh acuteness, how *de trop* she would be in the house after this, and just then the parlor-door opened, and Mrs. Garland came out, followed by a tall, handsome gentleman, with a thoughtful almost sad expression in his dark eyes, that disappeared, as at a wave of a fairy wand, as he caught a glimpse of her, and sprang past his mother, and caught her eagerly in his arms.

"Jessie! Jessie, my darling! Is it possible?"

While, pale as the dress she wore, the girl could only gasp his name:

"Mr. Richards!"

Mrs. Garland stood like one petrified, staring through her gold-rimmed glasses until speech returned to her astonished lips.

"Well, did I ever! It seems to me you are very well acquainted with each other. How on earth did it happen?"

Selwyn Richards' arm was around Jessie's trembling form, pressing her reassuringly to his side; and his handsome face was pale with emotion as he smiled at his mother.

"Jessie and I were engaged once—and we are engaged now—yes, darling! This is indeed a welcome home—wife and mother, too!"

And, with her face hidden on his breast, Jessie tried to realize the happiness that had come to her so unexpectedly, so like a page out of a romance.

Mrs. Garland was more than content at the condition of affairs, while Jessie learned she was not exactly *de trop* in the family, after all!

"What should a man do," asked a gentleman of a lady, "when he has an opportunity to correspond with a charming woman, but, being a bachelor, is a little afraid of such business?" "I should say to him, do write," answered the lady.

ON THE BEACH.

BY FRANK FENTON.

She stood on the beach, a maiden fair,
Gazing far out on the dreamy sea;
While the zephyrs played with her golden hair,
And the waves at her feet rippled merrily.

She saw the white sails that went flitting by
On the far-off horizon fade away;
And heard the harsh note of the sea-gull's cry,
As he homeward winged his way.

She thought of her lover far out on the deep—
Of the perils and dangers by shipwreck and storm;
And a prayer went up to Heaven, to keep
Her darling one from all harm.

The sun went down, and the stars shone bright,
And a stillness filled the air;
And the queen of night shed down her light
On the maiden standing there.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

THEY have a very humorous writer on the Cincinnati *Enquirer* who does up the base-ball matter for that paper, and a very gossipy, readable column he makes, too. Of late, however, he has had "goose" on the brain, and he has run that term under a variety of changes. Recently he said:

"The St. Louis Browns introduced their goose to the Cincinnati people last Thursday—a week ago and it seemed to be reliable. We had goose again to-day—good, nice, fat Chicago goose. Goose every Thursday seems to be on the bill of fare."

Now, this "goose-egg" business amounts to very little, provided your adversaries are not allowed to win by too high a figure. The Chicago nine could only win their last two games in Cincinnati by 6 to 0 and 5 to 0, and that is doing well for such an experimental team as the "Reds" have.

This fear of being "Chicagoed" has a demoralizing effect on a nine, and it should be prevented. At one time it was rather discreditable to a nine's reputation to be "Chicagoed," but now, in these days of a swift, accurate, curved-line delivery of the ball and of splendid fielding support, it is no longer so.

Of course, when one side scores a nest of goose-eggs and the other marks their score with double figures, the situation is a little different. But when the winning nine is kept down to small single figures, a "Chicagoing" should not hurt the feelings of the defeated party. Games marked by 1 to 0, 2 to 0, and even 3 to 0, are no discredit to the losing side.

The Chicago club have closed their series with the Cincinnati club, and have won their ten games in succession. They have also closed their regular series with the Louisville, winning nine out of ten. The records are appended:

WITH CINCINNATI.

April 26, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati, 11 5	
May 2, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati, 15 9	
May 10, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago, 6 0	
May 11, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago, 9 3	
July 23, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago, 23 3	
July 27, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago, 17 3	
July 29, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati, 9 2	
Aug. 8, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati, 13 3	
Aug. 10, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati, 6 0	
Aug. 13, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati, 5 0	
Totals.....	114 39

WITH LOUISVILLE.

April 25, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 4 0	
April 27, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 10 0	
May 13, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago, 4 2	
May 16, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago, 4 3	
July 18, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago, 9 5	
July 20, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 18 13	
July 22, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 30 7	
Aug. 1, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 15 7	
Aug. 3, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 4 1	
Aug. 5, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 2 4	
Aug. 7, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville, 9 2	
Totals.....	109 31

It will be seen that the best games the Cincinnati played with the "Whites" were those in which the "Reds" were themselves Chicagoed. With one exception, however, it was the reverse in the case of the Louisvilles.

The second week in August saw an earnest struggle for supremacy in the West commenced at St. Louis, and at the time of this writing it was not known how the opening contest had ended. The result of the games between Chicago and St. Louis in August will not change the final issue of the pennant race as far as the winning of the emblem is concerned, as that is pretty much settled in favor of the Chicagoes already. But it will have an important bearing on the local Western championship series, as also on the contest for second place, in which the St. Louis and Hartford nines, at the close of the second week in August, were the leading rivals. The record of the pennant race, to Aug. 14th inclusive, stood as follows:

Clubs	Chicago	Hartford	St. Louis	Boston	Mutual	Athletic	Cincinnati	Games won.
Chicago.....	3	2	6	9	5	10	40	
Hartford.....	3	3	4	5	3	9	4	31
St. Louis.....	3	3	4	5	3	9	4	31
Boston.....	0	0	3	2	7	6	25	
Louisville.....	1	4	4	3	4	8	20	
Mutual.....	1	4	1	3	2	6	18	
Athletic.....	2	3	3	3	2	8	18	
Cincinnati.....	0	1	2	0	1	0	4	
Games lost.....	8	13	15	19	28	35	40	183

A summary of the above shows the clubs occupying the following relative positions in the race:

Clubs	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Played.
Chicago.....	40	8	0	48
Hartford.....	31	13	1	45
St. Louis.....	31	15	0	46
Boston.....	25	19	0	44
Louisville.....	20	28	0	48
Mutual.....	18	35	1	54
Athletic.....	18	35	1	54
Cincinnati.....	6	40	0	46
Totals.....	183	183	6	372

How A FOOL EXPOSES HIMSELF.—A Western donkey thus ventilates his stupid prejudices in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*:

To the Editor of the *Globe Democrat*:
NEWMAN, ILL., August 10th, 1876.—Sir—As a favor requested by many citizens of this city, I ask as a favor to please discontinue the publication of the "innings and outings" of the different base-ball associations in your vicinity. This nation has barely gotten over the sad shock of the Beach and Tilton scandal, and for the sake of common decency and suffering humanity (I mean those suffering from such degrading bores), we ask this favor. And will in conclusion say that we will pay just as much for your paper, and will read it with greater appreciation in the future than in the past, if these publications are discontinued at once.

Very truly yours,
This is like a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who once requested Mr. Greeley to cease his political articles and confine his journal to religious and agricultural news. The editor of the *Globe Democrat* says in reply:

Had the writer of the subjoined communication been in St. Louis yesterday afternoon, when this office was surrounded by hundreds of citizens, anxious to learn the news from Louisville, he might have formed some idea of the intense interest taken in the national game. If base-ball scores are an eye-sore to him, he can easily turn the sports column and devote himself to the mass of useful and entertaining information contained in the other pages.